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SONGS

OF SOCIETY

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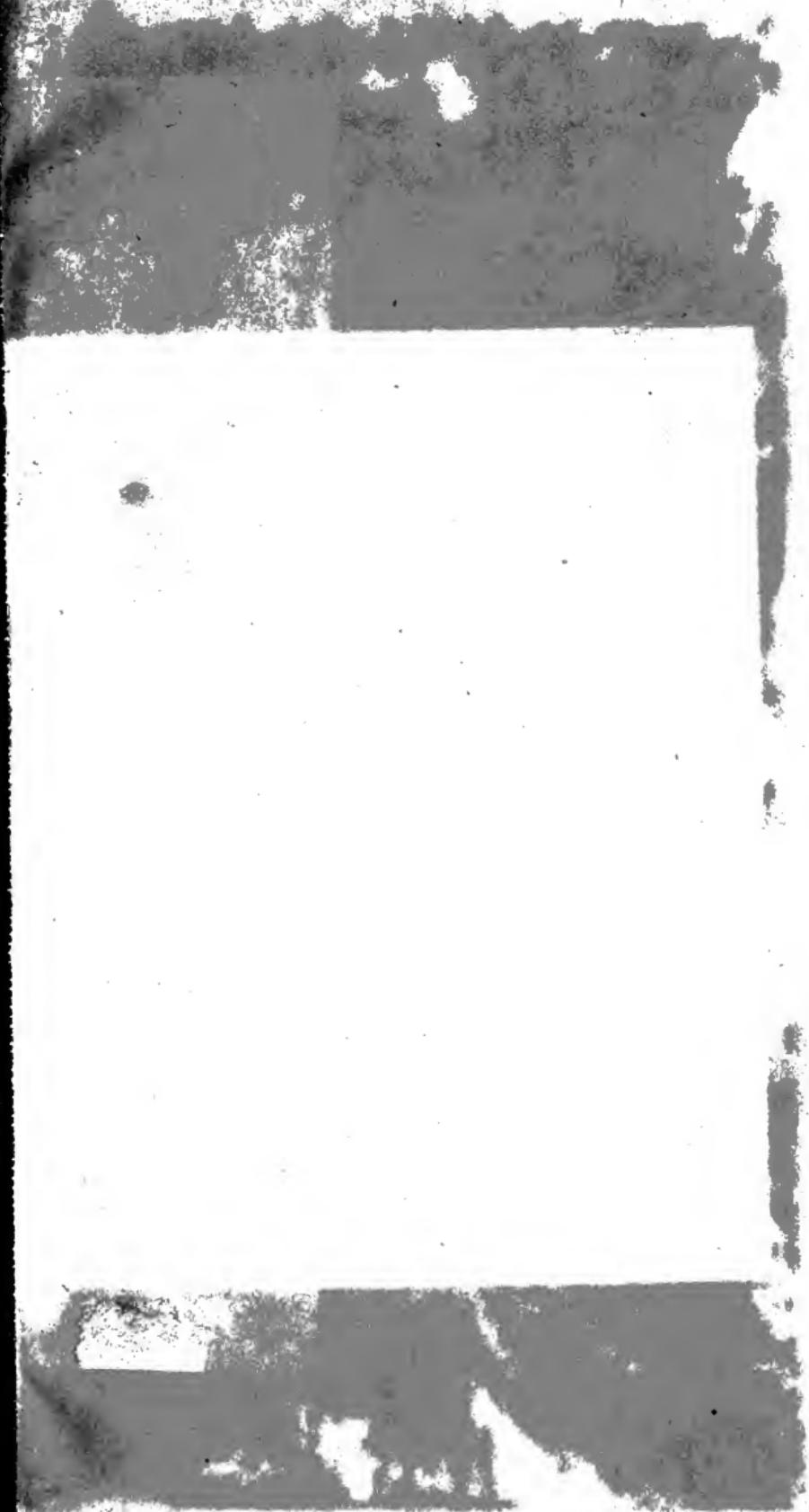
W. DAVENPORT ADAMS



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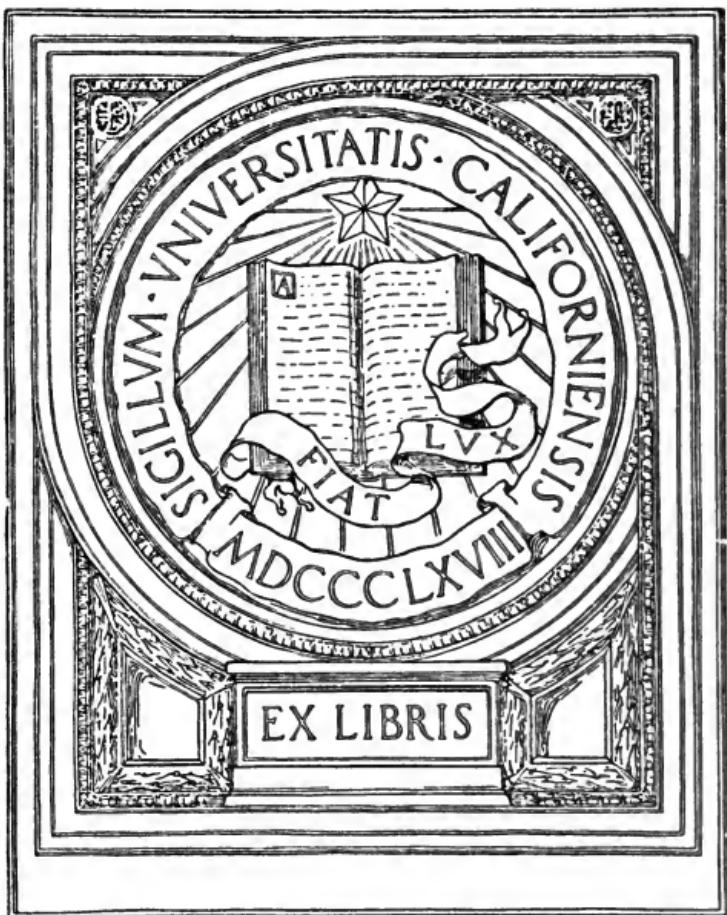
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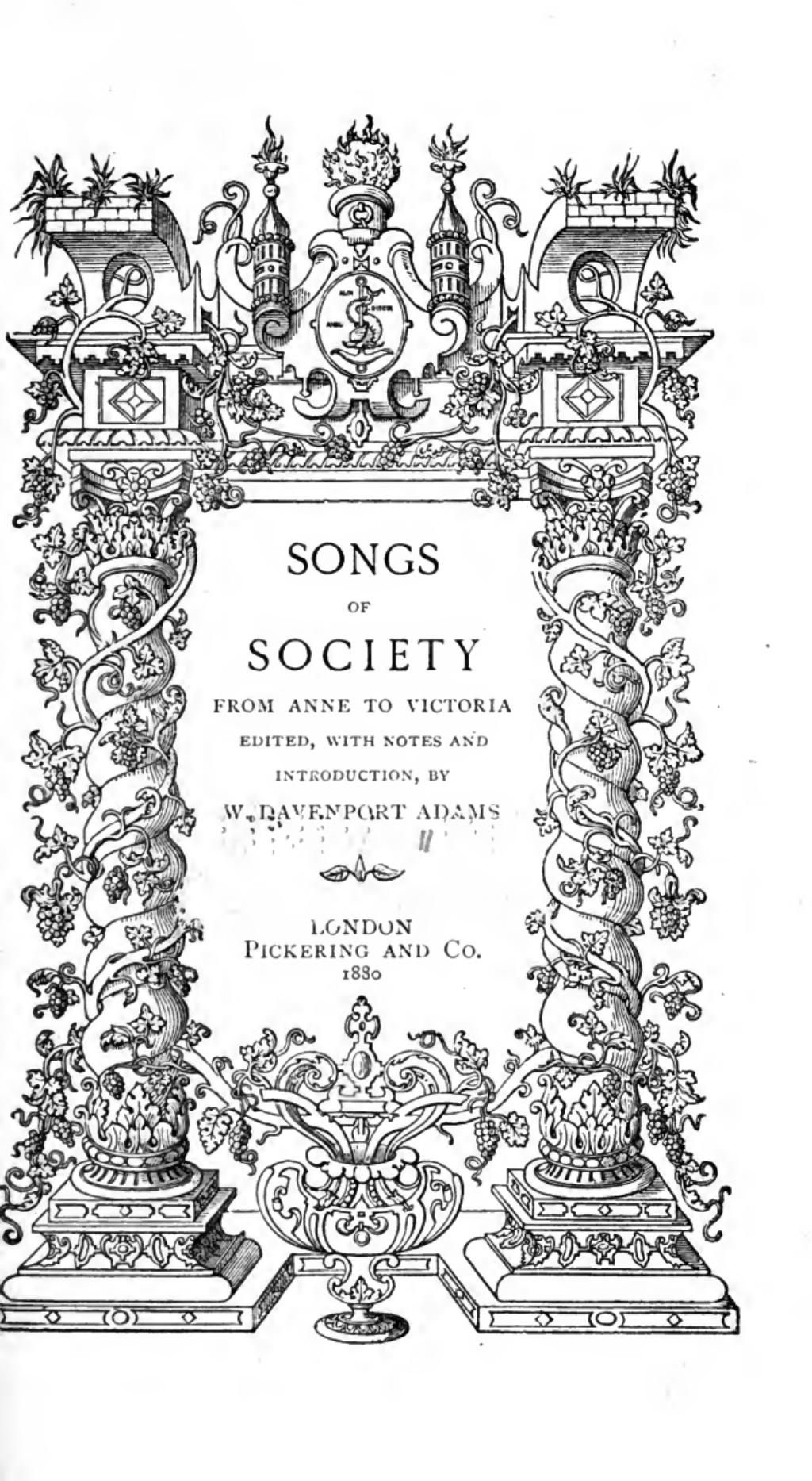




SONGS OF SOCIETY



“ Songs of dead Seasons.”—SWINBURNE.



SONGS
OF
SOCIETY
FROM ANNE TO VICTORIA
EDITED, WITH NOTES AND
INTRODUCTION, BY
W. DAVENPORT ADAMS

LONDON
PICKERING AND Co.
1880

NO. 11411
AMERICAN

Dedicated,

WITH ADMIRATION AND REGARD,

TO

AUSTIN DOBSON.

M20456





PREFACE.

HIS little work is an attempt to bring together, on a plan which will be obvious to the attentive reader, specimens of the Poetry of Fashionable Life, from the time of Queen Anne to the present day. The mere "familiar verse," of a humorous or sentimental character, which is so often made to do duty as "Society verse," has been uniformly put aside, and the collection confined—on the principle laid down in the Introduction—to pieces dealing with "Society" in the literal and strict sense of the term.

The word "Songs" in the title is not, however, to be taken quite so literally, some of the pieces in this volume not coming strictly under that description. My excuse must be that I found it difficult to discover an expression which would completely, and yet briefly, describe the nature of the book.

The work consists about equally of copyright and non-copyright compositions, and for permission to reproduce the former, I have to thank very sincerely the authors, publishers, and others in whom the copyright is vested, and who have so courteously responded to my application.

It is possible that pieces may be found included or omitted which the individual reader would have preferred to find absent or present, as

the case may be. I can only say that, so far as I am aware, I have overlooked no conspicuous lyric which entirely answered my requirements, nor have I admitted any which did not seem to me to come within my plan. I may remark, however, that several pieces by writers of the eighteenth century have been discarded, owing to the fact that, though otherwise acceptable, they contained expressions of an indecorous or unpleasant nature. These, following the example of distinguished predecessors, I might have modified, but I have preferred either to insert a poem as its author wrote it, or else to dispense with it altogether.

A large proportion of the pieces have never before appeared in a collection, and some appear in book form for the first time.

I may add that the Introduction is designed merely to explain the principle on which the collection has been made, and that the Notes have been restricted as much as possible to brief explanations of allusions which might not have been intelligible to every reader.

W. D. A.





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INTRODUCTION.

HERE has hitherto, I think, been some confusion as to the exact meaning and limitation to be given to "Society verse." That dubious term has been assigned indiscriminately to everything in the way of verse that is not either broadly humorous or highly imaginative in character. It has been obvious to everybody that between such poems as Shelley's "Skylark" on the one hand, and Wolcot's "Odes" on the other, there is a great gulf fixed; and to all verse which occupies the tremendous interval the description of *vers de société* has been applied. It seems to me that the definition is by far too rough and ready, and by no means sufficiently accurate. There is surely a very manifest difference between such poems as Praed's "Our Ball" and Locker's "Hurlingham" on the one side, and Brough's "Neighbour Nelly" and Peacock's "Rich and Poor" on the other. Yet all four pieces are popularly included under the one description of "Society verse;" the word "Society," I suppose, being used to indicate the freedom of such pieces alike from the coarseness of unmitigated fun and the elevation of undiluted fancy.

Much would be gained, I believe, if we revised

this conception of “Society verse ;” applying that expression to the poetry of “fashionable life” alone, and including the remainder under the epithet of “familiar verse.” Familiarity of style and of expression is of the essence of such poems as those by Brough and Peacock above mentioned ; whereas “Society verse,” or, in other words, the poetry of “fashionable life,” has other and distinctive characteristics. “Familiar verse” is wide in range, and admits of variety of subject and of manner. “Society verse,” on the other hand, should be limited to the doings and sayings of the world of fashion, and, to be in perfect keeping with the phase of life which it delineates, should have the tone and temper which are peculiar to the *monde*. It should deal exclusively with such things as routs and balls, and dinners and receptions ; the scene should be laid in London or in London-super-Mare ; or if, by chance, the Muse quits town for country, it should follow in the wake of those who go—as Sylvester said—after tiring in the city, to re-tire in the recesses of Swiss mountains, in the wilds of Scottish moors, or in the drawing-rooms of English manor-houses. There should be little or no enthusiasm ; the Muse should not be over-earnest, nor need it by any means be over-flippant. It is essential to “Society verse” that it should have the tincture of good breeding ;—that if it is lively, it should be so without being vulgar ; and that if it is tender, it should be so without being maudlin. Its great distinction should be ease,—the entire absence of apparent effort,—the presence of that playful spontaneity which proclaims the master. It should not be too uniformly epigrammatic,—a fault which disfigures some of Praed’s best pieces ; nor should it deal over much

with punning, as is the case with too many of Haynes Bayly's efforts. It should, at its best, be pervaded by an air of culture, and should have just that piquancy of expression which forms the flavour of polite conversation. But punning, *qua* punning, is not in favour in good company. Any one can pun, whilst few can pretend to the possession of that exquisite aroma of refinement which is only possible to men and women who have been highly educated and have always mingled in the best society.

One may venture to say that, although a clever literary artist may so far throw himself into the position of a man of society as to be able to write very agreeable "Society verse," yet few can hope to write the best and most genuine *vers de société* who are not, or have not at one time been, in some measure at any rate, inhabitants of "Society." If a glance is given at the names of the most distinguished writers of "Society verse," it will be seen at once how true this is, and it will be understood how so many who have attempted to walk in the same path have so conspicuously failed. The tone of good society cannot be taken by merely reading about it; the true Belgravian manner cannot be acquired by merely living in Pimlico. The men who have produced the most successful *vers de société* have been—as a rule, at any rate—men of "Society,"—statesmen like Canning, politicians like Praed, men about town like Captain Morris. Prior himself—whom I regard as the first, in point of time, of "Society-verse" writers—was emphatically a denizen of Mayfair. He was not well-born—he was only the son of a London citizen; but he was well educated, and, as the secretary to

successive embassies, a Gentleman of the Royal Bedchamber, an Under-Secretary of State, a Lord Commissioner of Trade, and a Member of Parliament, had numerous opportunities of mixing with the best society. So, as we all know, had Swift and Pope. Congreve, it is notorious, prided himself more upon his vogue as a fine gentleman than upon his reputation as a dramatist. Lady Wortley Montagu, Lord Lyttelton, and Lord Chesterfield were members of the aristocracy; Charles James Fox, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and Sir Charles Hanbury Williams all moved in the exclusive circles of their day; whilst Haynes Bayly, Thomas Moore, Smith, and Luttrell¹ were pets of the society of their time. Haynes Bayly was to a great extent the fashionable laureate of his generation, though the tone of his performances is by no means always in the finest taste. For the rest, one can point to such names as those of Edward Fitzgerald, Miss Fanshawe, and Lord Macaulay as going still further to support the theory that the most successful “Society verse” must generally, at least, be the production of persons who are more or less “in Society.”

I have described Matthew Prior as first in point of time of the “Society-verse” writers. I remember that when, some time ago, I first mooted the idea of this volume in a letter to the late Mortimer Collins, he was quite indignant at the notion of my making English “Society-verse” begin with Prior. He wrote to me: “An Earl and his Countess and a great poet were discoursing to-

¹ Unfortunately, the plan of this work prevents me from inserting mere extracts from Luttrell’s “Letters to Julia.” His lyrics do not provide me with the pabulum required.

gether. The Earl said the women were men's shadows. She argued the point. Appeal being made to the poet, he affirmed it true ; whereon the Countess gave him a penance to prove it in verse. That proof is, perhaps, the most perfect bit of Society verse written in our language.¹ That poet died just twenty-six years before Prior was born. I give you this as a reason why I think it a mistake to begin with Matthew the inimitable."

I cannot, however, bring myself to look upon Ben Jonson as a "Society" poet, or upon the verses in question as a "Society" poem in the proper sense of the term—in the sense, at least, in which I understand them. My theory is, that what we ought to understand by "Society-verse" is verse on the subject of "Society," its sayings and its doings ; and "Society," as we have it now, did not have its origin until the epoch in which Whig and Tory became the name-badges of the two great political parties. Broadly speaking, "Society" under the Normans and Plantagenets—if it can be said to have existed at all—was French in tone ; under the Tudors it was Italian ; under the Stuarts

¹ The lines to which Mr. Collins refers are these :—

"Follow a shadow, it still flies you ;
Seem to fly it, it will pursue ;
So court a mistress, she denies you ;
Let her alone, she will court you.
Say, are not women truly, then,
Styled but the shadow of us men ?

"At morn and even, shades are longest ;
At noon they are so short or none ;
So men at weakest, they are strongest ;
But grant us perfect, they're not known.
Say, are not women truly, then,
Styled but the shadows of us men ?"

it was French once more. Only when the last remnant of the Stuarts had been dismissed and Orange had given us a king in William, did “Society” in England become even approximately English; and only in the time of Anne did our men of “Society” begin to write true “Society-verse.” That is my reason for beginning this volume with Matthew Prior; and if in its arrangement I have not thought it advisable to adopt a chronological order with the pieces, it is because I believe that in its essential features English “Society” has remained very much the same from the days of Queen Anne to those of Queen Victoria. It is certainly curious to observe how similarly similar subjects have been treated by “Society” poets, notwithstanding the difference of time between them.





SONGS OF SOCIETY.

THE OWLS' SONG.

COME hither and listen, whoever
Would learn from our pages the
miracle
Of passing for witty and clever
Without being voted satirical !
He'd better be apt with his pen,
Than well-dressed and well-booted and gloved,
Who likes to be liked by the men,
By the women who loves to be loved :
And Fashion full often has paid
Her good word in return for a gay word,
For a song in the manner of Praed,
Or an anecdote worthy of Hayward.

And hither, you sweet schoolroom beauties,
Who only at Easter came out !
We'll teach you your dear little duties
At ball-room, and concert, and rout :
With whom you may go down to supper,
And where you may venture to please ;

And what you should say about Tupper,
 And what of the cattle disease ;
 And when you must ask a new member
 Why *he* did not move the Address,
 And hint how you laughed last November
 On reading his squibs in the Press.

You Pitts of the future, we'll get you
 To show yourselves modest and smart,
 And, if you speak hastily, set you
 Three pages of Hansard by heart.
 Whenever with quoting you bore us
 (As pert young Harrovians will)
 Your last repetition from Horace,
 You'll write out a chapter of Mill.
 But if you can think of a hit
 That's brilliant and not very blue,
 We'll greet it by piping "Tu-whit,"
 And mark it by hooting "Tu-whoo."

GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN.

THE CONTRAST.

 N London I never know what I'd be at,
 Enraptured with this, and enchanted
 with that ;
 I'm wild with the sweets of variety's
 plan,
 And Life seems a blessing too happy for man.
 But the Country, Lord help me ! sets all matters
 right ;
 So calm and composing from morning to night ;
 Oh ! it settles the spirits when nothing is seen
 But an ass on a common, a goose on a green.

In town if it rain, why it damps not our hope,
The eye has her choice, and the fancy her scope ;
What harm though it pour whole nights or whole
days ?

It spoils not our prospects, or stops not our ways.

In the country what bliss, when it rains in the
fields,

To live on the transports that shuttlecock yields ;
Or go crawling from window to window, to see
A pig on a dung-hill, or crow on a tree.

In London if folks ill together are put,
A bow may be dropt, and a quiz may be cut ;
We change without end ; and if lazy or ill,
All wants are at hand, and all wishes at will.

In the country you're nail'd, like a pale in the
park,
To some *stick* of a neighbour that's cramm'd in
the ark ;
And 'tis odd, if you're hurt, or in fits tumble down,
You reach death ere the doctor can reach you
from town.

In London how easy we visit and meet,
Gay pleasure's the theme, and sweet smiles are
our treat ;
Our morning's a round of good humour'd delight,
And we rattle, in comfort, to pleasure at night.

In the country, how sprightly ! our visits we make
Through ten miles of mud, for Formality's sake ;
With the coachman in drink, and the moon in a
fog,
And no thought in our head but a ditch or a bog.

In London the spirits are cheerful and light,
 All places are gay and all faces are bright ;
 We've ever new joys, and revived by each whim,
 Each day on a fresh tide of pleasure we swim.

But how gay in the country ! what summer delight
 To be waiting for winter from morning to night !
 Then the fret of impatience gives exquisite glee
 To relish the sweet rural subjects we see.

In town we've no use for the skies overhead,
 For when the sun rises then we go to bed ;
 And as to that old-fashion'd virgin the moon ;
 She shines out of season, like satin in June.

In the country these planets delightfully glare
 Just to show us the object we want isn't there ;
 O, how cheering and gay, when their beauties arise,
 To sit and gaze round with the tears in one's eyes !

But 'tis in the country alone we can find
 That happy resource, that relief of the mind,
 When, drove to despair, our last efforts we make,
 And drag the old fish-pond, for novelty's sake :

Indeed, I must own, 'tis a pleasure complete
 To see ladies well draggled and wet in their feet ;
 But what is all that to the transport we feel
 When we capture, in triumph, two toads and an
 eel ?

I have heard tho', that love in a cottage is sweet,
 When two hearts in one link of soft sympathy
 meet :
 That's to come—for as yet I, alas ! am a swain
 Who require, I own it, more links to my chain.

Your magpies and stock-doves may flirt among trees,
 And chatter their transports in groves, if they please :
 But a house is much more to my taste than a tree,
 And for groves, O ! a good grove of chimneys for me.

In the country, if Cupid should find a man out,
 The poor tortured victim mopes hopeless about ;
 But in London, thank Heaven ! our peace is secure,
 Where for one eye to kill, there's a thousand to cure.

I know love's a devil, too subtle to spy,
 That shoots through the soul, from the beam of an eye ;
 But in London these devils so quick fly about,
 That a new devil still drives an old devil out.

In town let me live then, in town let me die,
 For in truth I can't relish the country, not I.
 If one must have a villa in summer to dwell,
 O, give me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall !

CHARLES MORRIS.

EPISTLE TO MISS BLOUNT

ON HER LEAVING THE TOWN AFTER THE
 CORONATION (1715).

S some fond Virgin, whom her mother's care,
 Drags from the Town to wholesome Country air,
 Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,
 And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh ;

From the dear man unwilling she must sever,
 Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever :
 Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,
 Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew ;
 Not that their pleasures caus'd her discontent,
 She sigh'd not that they stay'd, but that she went.

She went, to plain-work, and to purling brooks,
 Old-fashion'd halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks :
 She went from Op'ra, Park, Assembly, Play,
 To morning-walks, and pray'rs three hours a day ;
 To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea ;
 To muse, and spill her solitary tea ;
 Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,
 Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon ;
 Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
 Hum half a tune, tell stories to the squire ;
 Up to her godly garret after sev'n,
 There starve and pray, for that's the way to heav'n.

Some Squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack ;
 Whose game is Whisk, whose treat a toast in sack ;
 Who visits with a Gun, presents you birds,
 Then gives a smacking buss, and cries,—‘No
 words !’

Or with his hound comes hollowing from the stable,
 Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table ;
 Whose laughs are hearty, tho' his jests are coarse,
 And loves you best of all things—but his horse.

In some fair ev'ning, on your elbow laid,
 You dream of Triumphs in the rural shade ;
 In pensive thoughts recall the fancy'd scene,
 See Coronations rise on ev'ry green ;
 Before you pass th' imaginary sights
 Of Lords, and Earls, and Dukes, and garter'd
 Knights,

While the spread fan o'ershades your closing eyes ;
 Then give one flirt, and all the vision flies.
 Thus vanish sceptres, coronets, and balls,
 And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls !

So when your Slave, at some dear idle time,
 (Not plagu'd with headachs, or the want of rhyme)
 Stands in the streets, abstracted from the crew,
 And while he seems to study, thinks of you ;
 Just when his fancy points your sprightly eyes,
 Or sees the blush of soft Parthenia rise,
 Streets, Chairs, and Coxcombs, rush upon my sight ;
 Vex'd to be still in town, I knit my brow,
 Look sour, and hum a Tune, as you may now.

ALEXANDER POPE.

ON A YOUNG LADY'S GOING TO TOWN
 IN THE SPRING.

NE night unhappy Celadon,
 Beneath a friendly myrtle's shade,
 With folded arms and eyes cast down,
 Gently repos'd his love-sick head :
 Whilst Thirsis, sporting on the neighbouring plain,
 Thus heard the discontented youth complain :

“ Ask not the cause why sickly flowers
 Faintly recline their drooping heads ;
 As fearful of approaching showers,
 They strive to hide them in their beds,
 Grieving with Celadon they downward grow,
 And feel with him a sympathy of woe.

“ Chloris will go ; the cruel fair,
 Regardless of her dying swain,
 Leaves him to languish, to despair,
 And murmur out in sighs his pain.
 The fugitive to fair Augusta flies,
 To make new slaves, and gain new victories.”

So restless monarchs, though possess'd
 Of all that we call state or power,
 Fancy themselves but meanly blest,
 Vainly ambitious still of more.
 Round the wide world impatiently they roam,
 Not satisfy'd with private sway at home.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

DAMON AND CUPID.

HE sun was now withdrawn,
 The shepherds home were sped ;
 The moon wide o'er the lawn
 Her silver mantle spread ;
 When Damon stay'd behind,
 And saunter'd in the grove.
 “ Will ne'er a nymph be kind,
 And give me love for love ? ”

“ O ! those were golden hours,
 When Love, devoid of cares,
 In all Arcadia's bowers,
 Lodg'd nymphs and swains by pairs ;
 But now from wood and plain
 Flies every sprightly lass ;
 No joys for me remain,
 In shades, or on the grass.”

The winged boy draws near,
 And thus the swain reproves :
 "While Beauty revell'd here,
 My game lay in the groves ;
 At court I never fail
 To scatter round my arrows :
 Men fall as thick as hail,
 And maidens love like sparrows.

"Then, swain, if me you need,
 Straight lay your sheep-hook down ;
 Throw by your oaten reed,
 And haste away to town.
 So well I'm known at court,
 None ask where Cupid dwells :
 But readily resort
 To Bellendens or Lepels."

JOHN GAY.

THE BRIDE IN THE COUNTRY.

BY the side of a half-rotten wood
 Melantha sate silently down,
 Convinc'd that her scheme was not
 good,
 And vex'd to be absent from town.
 Whilst pitied by no living soul,
 To herself she was forc'd to reply.
 And the sparrow, as grave as an owl,
 Sate list'ning and pecking hard by.

"Alas ! silly maid that I was ;"
 Thus sadly complaining, she cry'd ;
 "When first I forsook that dear place,
 It had been better far I had died !

How gayly I passed the long days,
 In a round of continu'd delights !
 Park, visits, assemblies, and plays,
 And a dance to enliven the nights.

“How simple was I to believe
 Delusive poetical dreams !
 Or the flattering landscapes they give,
 Of meadows and murmuring streams.
 Bleak mountains, and cold starving rocks,
 Are the wretched result of my pains ;
 The swains greater brutes than their flocks,
 And the nymphs as polite as the swains.

“What tho' I have got my dear Phil ;
 I see him all night and all day ;
 I find I must not have my will,
 And I've cursedly sworn to obey !
 Fond damsel, thy pow'r is lost,
 As now I experience too late ;
 Whatever a lover may boast,
 A husband is what one may hate !

“And thou, my old woman, so dear,
 My all that is left of relief,
 Whatever I suffer, forbear—
 Forbear to dissuade me from grief ;
 'Tis in vain, as you say, to repine
 At ills which cannot be redress'd ;
 But, in sorrows so poignant as mine,
 To be patient, alas ! is a jest.

“If, farther to soothe my distress,
 Your tender compassion is led,
 Come hither and help to undress,
 And decently put me to bed.

The last humble solace I wait,
 Wou'd Heav'n but indulge me the boon,
 May some dream, less unkind than my fate,
 In a vision transport me to town.

“Clarissa, meantime, weds a beau,
 Who decks her in golden array;
 She's the finest at ev'ry fine show,
 And flaunts it at Park and at Play:
 Whilst I am here left in the lurch,
 Forgot, and secluded from view;
 Unless when some bumkin at church
 Stares wistfully over the pew.”

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

SOLILOQUY OF A BEAUTY IN THE COUNTRY.

 WAS night; and Flavia to her room
 retir'd,
 With evening chat and sober reading
 tir'd;
 There, melancholy, pensive, and alone,
 She meditates on the forsaken town:
 On her rais'd arm reclin'd her drooping head,
 She sigh'd, and thus in plaintive accents said:

“Ah, what avails it to be young and fair:
 To move with negligence, to dress with care?
 What worth have all the charms our pride can
 boast,
 If all in envious solitude are lost?
 Where none admire, 'tis useless to excell;
 Where none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle;

Beauty, like wit, to judges should be shewn ;
Both most are valued, where they best are known.
With every grace of nature or of art,
We cannot break one stubborn country heart ;
The brutes, insensible, our power defy :
To love, exceeds a 'squire's capacity.
The town, the court, is Beauty's proper sphere ;
That is our Heaven, and we are angels there :
In that gay circle thousand Cupids rove,
The court of Britain is the court of Love.
How has my conscious heart with triumph glow'd,
How have my sparkling eyes their transport shew'd,
At each distinguish'd birth-night ball, to see
The homage, due to Empire, paid to me !
When every eye was fix'd on me alone,
And dreaded mine more than the Monarch's
frown ;
When rival statesmen for my favour strove,
Less jealous in their power than in their love.
Chang'd is the scene ; and all my glories die,
Like flowers transplanted to a colder sky :
Lost is the dear delight of giving pain,
The tyrant joy of hearing slaves complain.
In stupid indolence my life is spent,
Supinely calm, and dully innocent :
Unblest I wear my useless time away ;
Sleep (wretched maid !) all night, and dream all
day ;
Go at set hours to dinner, and to prayer ;
For dullness ever must be regular.
Now with mamma at tedious whist I play ;
Now without scandal drink insipid tea ;
Or in the garden breathe the country air,
Secure from meeting any tempter there ;
From books to work, from work to books, I rove,
And am (alas !) at leisure to improve !—

Is this the life a beauty ought to lead?
 Were eyes so radiant only made to read?
 These fingers, at whose touch e'en age would glow,
 Are these of use to nothing but to sew?
 Sure erring Nature never could design
 To form a housewife in a mould like mine?
 O Venus, queen and guardian of the fair,
 Attend propitious to thy votary's prayer:
 Let me revisit the dear town again:
 Let me be seen!—could I that wish obtain,
 All other wishes my own power would gain."

GEORGE, LORD LYTTELTON.

PICCADILLY.

PICCADILLY! shops, palaces, bustle,
 and breeze,
 The whirring of wheels, and the mur-
 mur of trees;
 By night or by day, whether noisy or stilly,
 Whatever my mood is, I love Piccadilly!

Wet nights, when the gas on the pavement is
 streaming,
 And young Love is watching, and old Love is
 dreaming,
 And Beauty is whirling to conquest, where shrilly
 Cremona makes nimble thy toes, Piccadilly!

Bright days, when a stroll is my afternoon wont,
 And I meet all the people I do know, or don't:—
 Here is jolly old Brown, and his fair daughter
 Lillie—
 No wonder some pilgrims affect Piccadilly!

See yonder pair riding, how fondly they saunter,
 She smiles on her poet, whose heart's in a canter !
 Some envy her spouse, and some covet her filly,
 He envies them both,—he's an ass, Piccadilly !

Were I such a bride, with a slave at my feet,
 I would choose me a house in my favourite street ;
 Yes or no—I would carry my point, willy-nilly :
 If “no,”—pick a quarrel ; if “yes,”—Piccadilly !

From Primrose balcony, long ages ago,
 “Old Q.” sat at gaze,—who now passes below ?
 A frolicsome statesman, the Man of the Day ;
 A laughing philosopher, gallant and gay ;
 Never darling of fortune more manfully trod,
 Full of years, full of fame, and the world at his nod :
 Can the thought reach his heart, and then leave
 it more chilly—

“Old P. or old Q.,—I must quit Piccadilly ?”

Life is chequer'd ; a patchwork of smiles and of
 frowns ;

We value its ups, let us muse on its downs ;
 There's a side that is bright, it will then turn us
 t'other ;

One turn, if a good one, deserves yet another.

These downs are delightful, *these* ups are not hilly,—
 Let us turn one more turn ere we quit Piccadilly.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

ST. JAMES'S STREET.



T. JAMES'S STREET, of classic fame,
 The finest people throng it.
 St. James's Street ? I know the name,
 I think I've pass'd along it !

Why, that's where Saccharissa sigh'd
 When Waller read his ditty ;
 Where Byron lived, and Gibbon died,
 And Alvanley was witty.

A famous street ! To yonder Park
 Young Churchill stole in class-time ;
 Come, gaze on fifty men of mark,
 And then recall the past time.
 The *plats* at White's, the play at *Crock's*,
 The bumpers to Miss Gunning ;
 The *bonhomie* of Charlie Fox,
 And Selwyn's ghastly funning.

The dear old street of clubs and *cribs*,
 As north and south it stretches,
 Still seems to smack of Rolliad squibs,
 And Gillray's fiercer sketches ;
 The quaint old dress, the grand old style,
 The *mots*, the racy stories ;
 The wine, the dice, the wit, the bile—
 The hate of Whigs and Tories.

At dusk, when I am strolling there,
 Dim forms will rise around me ;—
 Lepel flits past me in her chair,
 And Congreve's airs astound me !
 And once Nell Gwynne, a frail young sprite,
 Look'd kindly when I met her ;
 I shook my head, perhaps,—but quite
 Forgot to quite forget her.

The street is still a lively tomb
 For rich, and gay, and clever ;
 The crop of dandies bud and bloom,
 And die as fast as ever.

Now gilded youth loves cutty pipes,
 And slang that's rather scaring,—
 It can't approach its prototypes
 In taste, or tone, or bearing.

In Brummell's days of buckle shoes,
 Lawn cravats, and roll collars,
 They'd fight, and woo, and bet—and lose
 Like gentlemen and scholars :
 I'm glad young men should go the pace,
 I half forgive *Old Rapid* ;
 These louts disgrace their name and race
 So vicious and so vapid !

Worse times may come. *Bon ton*, indeed,
 Will then be quite forgotten,
 And all we much revere will speed
 From ripe to worse than rotten :
 Let grass then sprout between yon stones,
 And owls then roost at Boodle's,
 For Echo will hurl back the tones
 Of screaming *Yankee Doodles*.

I love the haunts of Old Cockaigne,
 Where wit and wealth were squander'd ;
 The halls that tell of hoop and train,
 Where grace and rank have wandered ;
 Those halls where ladies fair and leal
 First ventured to adore me !—
 Something of that old love I feel
 For this old street before me.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

TO Q. H. F.

SUGGESTED BY A CHAPTER IN THEODORE MARTIN'S
 "HORACE" ("ANCIENT CLASSICS FOR
 ENGLISH READERS").



ORATIUS FLACCUS, b. c. 8,"

There's not a doubt about the date,—

You're dead and buried :

As you remarked, the seasons roll,

And 'cross the Styx full many a soul

Has Charon ferried,

Since, mourned of men and Muses nine,

They laid you on the Esquiline.

And that was centuries ago !

You'd think we'd learned enough, I know,

To help refine us,

Since last you trod the Sacred Street,

And tacked from mortal fear to meet

The bore Crispinus ;

Or, by your cold Digentia, set

The web of winter birding-net.

Ours is so far-advanced an age !

Sensation tales, a classic stage,

Commodious villas !

We boast high art, an Albert Hall,

Australian meats, and men who call

Their sires gorillas !

We have a thousand things, you see,

Not dreamt in your philosophy.

And yet, how strange ! Our "world," to-day,

Tried in the scale, would scarce outweigh

Your Roman cronies ;

Walk in the Park—you'll seldom fail
 To find a Sybaris on the rail
 By Lydia's ponies,
 Or hap on Barrus, wigged and stayed,
 Ogling some unsuspecting maid.

The great Gargilius, then, behold !
 His “ long-bow ” hunting tales of old
 Are now but duller ;
 Fair Neobule too ! Is not
 One Hebrus here—from Aldershot ?
 Aha, you colour !
 Be wise. There old Canidia sits ;
 No doubt she's tearing you to bits.

And look, dyspeptic, brave, and kind,
 Comes dear Mæcenas, half behind
 Terentia's skirting ;
 Here's Pyrrha, “ golden-haired ” at will ;
 Prig Damasippus, preaching still ;
 Asterie flirting,—
 Radiant, of course. We'll make her black,—
 Ask her when Gyges' ship comes back.

So with the rest. Who will may trace
 Behind the new each elder face
 Defined as clearly ;
 Science proceeds, and man stands still ;
 Our “ world ” to-day's as good, or ill,—
 As cultured (nearly)
 As yours was, Horace ! You alone,
 Unmatched, unmet, we have not known.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

ROTTEN ROW.



HOPE I'm fond of much that's good,
 As well as much that's gay ;
 I'd like the country if I could ;
 I love the Park in May :

And when I ride in Rotten Row,
 I wonder why they called it so.

A lively scene on turf and road ;
 The crowd is bravely drest :
 The *Ladies' Mile* has overflowed,
 The chairs are in request :
 The nimble air, so soft, so clear,
 Hardly can stir a ringlet there.

I'll halt beneath the pleasant trees,
 And drop my bridle-rein,
 And, quite alone, indulge at ease,
 The philosophic vein :
 I'll moralize on all I see—
 Yes, it was all arranged for me !

Forsooth, and on a livelier spot
 The sunbeam never shines.
 Fair ladies here can talk and trot
 With statesmen and divines :
 Could I have chosen, I'd have been
 A Duke, a Beauty, or a Dean.

What grooms ! What gallant gentlemen !
 What well-appointed hacks !
 What glory in their pace, and then
 What beauty on their backs !

My Pegasus would never flag
If weighted as my lady's nag.

But where is now the courtly troop
That once rode laughing by?
I miss the curls of Cantilupe,
The laugh of Lady Di:
They all could laugh from night till morn,
And Time has laughed them all to scorn.

I then could frolic in the van
With dukes and dandy earls,
Then I was thought a *nice* young man
By rather *nice* young girls!
I've half a mind to join Miss Browne,
And try one canter up and down.

Ah, no—I'll linger here awhile,
And dream of days of yore;
For me bright eyes have lost the smile,
The sunny smile they wore:—
Perhaps they say, what I'll allow,
That I'm not quite so handsome now.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

ROTTEN ROW.

 HERE'S a tempting bit of greenery—
of *rus in urbe* scenery—
That's haunted by the London
“upper ten;”
Where, by exercise on horseback, an equestrian
may force back
Little fits of *tedium vitæ* now and then.

Oh! the times that I have been there, and the
types that I have seen there
Of that gorgeous Cockney animal, the "swell;"
And the scores of pretty riders (both patricians
and outsiders)
Are considerably more than I can tell.

When first the warmer weather brought these
people all together,
And the crowds began to thicken through the
Row,
I reclined against the railing on a sunny day, in-
haling
All the spirits that the breezes could bestow.

And the riders and the walkers and the thinkers
and the talkers
Left me lonely in the thickest of the throng,
Not a touch upon my shoulder—not a nod from
one beholder—
As the stream of Art and Nature went along.

But I brought away one image from that fashion-
able scrimmage,
Of a figure and a face—ah, *such* a face!
Love has photograph'd the features of that loveliest
of creatures
On my memory, as Love alone can trace.

Did I hate the little dandy in the whiskers, (they
were sandy),
Whose absurd salute was honour'd by a smile?
Did I marvel at his rudeness in presuming on her
goodness,
When she evidently loathed him all the while?

Oh the hours that I have wasted, the regrets that
 I have tasted,
 Since the day (it seems a century ago)
 When my heart was won *instanter*, by a lady in a
 canter,
 On a certain sunny day in Rotten Row !

HENRY S. LEIGH.

ST. GEORGE'S, HANOVER SQUARE.

HE pass'd up the aisle on the arm of
 her sire,
 A delicate lady in bridal attire,
 Fair emblem of virgin simplicity ;
 Half London was there, and, my word, there were
 few
 That stood by the altar, or hid in a pew,
 But envied Lord Nigel's felicity.

Beautiful Bride !—So meek in thy splendour,
 So frank in thy love, and its trusting surrender,
 Departing you leave us the town dim !
 May happiness wing to thy bower, unsought,
 And may Nigel, esteeming his bliss as he ought,
 Prove worthy thy worship,—confound him !

FREDERICK LOCKER.

ZOOLOGICAL MEMORIES.

H, Dora, my darling, can your recollec-
 tion
 Revert to a Sunday once early in
 June ?

When leaving your aunt's ever-watchful protection,

You saucily said you'd "come back again soon,
But must see the seal and the spotted hyena,

And doted on zoophytes, scarlet and blue"—
Poor aunt left at three, and at six we'd not seen
her,—

That bright summer Sunday we met at the Zoo.

You wore, I remember, the nicest of dresses,
So simple and fresh, though it would not compare

With Miss Buhl's splendid train, while your sunny
bright tresses

Could never out-rival her "Brittany" hair :

Her parasol shaded the costliest bonnet—

'Twas gorgeous and showy, 'twas heavy and
new ;

While yours was of lace, with blush roses upon it,

That gay summer Sunday we lounged in the
Zoo.

You recollect loitering down by the water—

I mean by the pond where the pelicans dwell—

A small glove was pressed, it was six-and-a-quarter,
A hand rather smaller was p'r'aps pressed as
well ;

You said it was nonsense, and would not believe
me—

I vowed, on my honour, 'twas perfectly true—

Those lashes down-drooping could never deceive
me,

That sweet summer Sunday we passed at the
Zoo.

While strolling around that green pond edged
with rushes—
I wished we could wander for miles and for
miles—
Your eyes brightly shone, whilst the loveliest
blushes
Flushed cheeks dimpled o'er by the sweetest
of smiles.
Then archly you said, with the sweetest of glances,
“ Who flirted at Prince's with Lily and Loo ?
What makes you so churlish at dinners and dances,
When you can be so nice when we meet at the
Zoo ?”

How swift flew the hours as we wandered together,
Forgetful of Aunt as she sat in the shade !
'Twas really too bad in that broiling hot weather ;
And when we returned what excuses you made !
“ Past six, Aunt ? It can't be ! You surely are
joking—
We've not seen the zebra nor red kangaroo ! ”
Then prettily pouting, you looked so provoking,
That fine summer Sunday we roamed at the Zoo.

While bright autumn leaves in the country are
falling,
And London is empty, the butterflies flown ;
That sunshiny Sunday I can't help recalling,
As I sit in dull chambers and ponder alone.
And now you are down at “ The Larches,” my
treasure,
To find short days long, for there's nothing to do ;
Does ever come o'er you with exquisite pleasure
The thought of that Sunday we loved at the Zoo ?

J. ASHBY STERRY.

TO A CHILD OF QUALITY,

FIVE YEARS OLD (1704), THE AUTHOR THEN FORTY.

ORDS, knights, and squires, the
numerous band
That wear the fair Miss Mary's
fetters,

Were summon'd by her high command,
To show their passions by their letters.

My pen amongst the rest I took,
Lest those bright eyes that cannot read
Should dart their kindling fires, and look
The power they have to be obey'd.

Nor quality, nor reputation,
Forbid me yet my flame to tell ;
Dear five-years-old befriends my passion,
And I may write till she can spell.

For while she makes her silkworms beds
With all the tender things I swear ;
Whilst all the house my passion reads,
In papers round her baby's hair ;

She may receive and own my flame,
For though the strictest prudes should know it,
She'll pass for a most virtuous dame,
And I for an unhappy poet.

Then, too, alas ! when she shall tear
The rhymes some younger rival sends ;
She'll give me leave to write, I fear,
And we shall still continue friends.

For, as our different ages move,
 'Tis so ordain'd, (would Fate but mend it !)
 That I shall be past making love
 When she begins to comprehend it.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

AN ODE TO MISS HARRIET HANBURY,

SIX YEARS OLD.

WHY should I thus employ my time,
 To paint those cheeks of rosy hue?
 Why should I search my brains for
 rhyme,
 To sing those eyes of glossy blue ?

The power as yet is all in vain,
 Thy numerous charms, and various graces :
 They only serve to banish pain,
 And light up joy on parents' faces.

But soon those eyes their strength shall feel,
 Those charms their powerful sway shall find :
 Youth shall in crowds before you knéel,
 And own your empire o'er mankind.

Then, when on Beauty's throne you sit,
 And thousands court your wish'd-for arms,
 My muse shall stretch her utmost wit,
 To sing the victories of your charms.

Charms that in time shall ne'er be lost,
 At least while verse like mine endures :
 And future Hanburys shall boast
 Of verse like mine, of charms like yours.

A little vain we both may be,
 Since scarce another house can show
 A poet, that can sing like me,
 A beauty, that can charm like you.

SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS.

VALENTINE

TO THE HON. M. C. STANHOPE.

HAIL, day of music, day of Love,
 On earth below, in air above :
 In air the turtle fondly moans,
 The linnet pipes in joyous tones :
 On earth the postman toils along,
 Bent double by huge bales of song,
 Where, rich with many a gorgeous dye,
 Blazes all Cupid's heraldry—
 Myrtles and roses, doves and sparrows,
 Love-knots and altars, lamps and arrows.
 What nymph without wild hopes and fears
 The double rap this morning hears ?
 Unnumbered lasses, young and fair,
 From Bethnal Green to Belgrave Square,
 With cheeks high flush'd, and hearts loud beating,
 Await the tender annual greeting.
 The loveliest lass of all is mine—
 Good Morrow to my Valentine !
 Good Morrow, gentle child ! and then
 Again good Morrow, and again,
 Good Morrow following still good Morrow,
 Without one cloud of strife or sorrow.
 And when the god to whom we pay
 In jest our homages to-day
 Shall come to claim, no more in jest,
 His rightful empire o'er thy breast,

Benignant may his aspect be,
 His yoke the truest liberty :
 And if a tear his power confess,
 Be it a tear of happiness.
 It shall be so. The Muse displays
 The future to her votary's gaze ;
 Prophetic rage my bosom swells—
 I taste the cake—I hear the bells !
 From Conduit Street the close array
 Of chariots barricades the way
 To where I see, with outstretch'd hand,
 Majestic, thy great kinsman stand,
 And half unbend his brow of pride,
 As welcoming so fair a bride.
 Gay favours, thick as flakes of snow,
 Brighten St. George's portico :
 Within I see the chancel's pale,
 The orange flowers, the Brussels veil,
 The page on which those fingers white,
 Still trembling from the awful rite,
 For the last time shall faintly trace
 The name of Stanhope's noble race.
 I see kind faces round thee pressing,
 I hear kind voices whisper blessing ;
 And with those voices mingles mine—
 All good attend my Valentine !

THOMAS, LORD MACAULAY.

TO A CERTAIN LADY AT COURT.



KNOW the thing that's most un-
 common ;
 (Envy, be silent, and attend !)
 I know a reasonable Woman,
 Handsome and witty, yet a Friend.

Not warp'd by Passion, aw'd by Rumour,
 Not grave thro' Pride, or gay through Folly,
 An equal Mixture of good Humour,
 And sensible soft Melancholy.

“ Has she no faults then (Envy says), Sir ? ”

Yes, she has one, I must aver ;

When all the World conspires to praise her,
 The Woman's deaf, and does not hear.

ALEXANDER POPE.

SONG BY A PERSON OF QUALITY.

 SAID to my heart, between sleeping
 and waking,
 Thou wild thing, that always art leaping
 or aching,
 What black, brown, or fair, in what clime, in what
 nation,
 By turns has not taught thee a pit-a-pat-ation ?

Thus accus'd, the wild thing gave this sober
 reply :—

See the heart without motion, though Celia pass
 by !
 Not the beauty she has, or the wit that she
 borrows,
 Gives the eye any joys, or the heart any sorrows.

When our Sappho appears, she whose wit's so
 refined,
 I am forced to applaud with the rest of mankind ;
 Whatever she says, is with spirit and fire ;
 Every word I attend ; but I only admire.

Prudentia as vainly would put in her claim,
 Ever gazing on heaven, tho' man is her aim,
 'Tis love, not devotion, that turns up her eyes ;
 Those stars of the world are too good for the skies.

But Chloe so lively, so easy, so fair,
 Her wit so genteel, without art, without care ;
 When she comes in my way, the emotion, the pain,
 The leapings, the aching, return all again.

O wonderful creature ! a woman of reason !
 Never grave out of pride, never gay out of season !
 When so easy to guess who this angel should be,
 Would one think Mrs. Howard ne'er dreamt it
 was she !

CHARLES, EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

WRITTEN AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS,

ON MISS TEMPLE, AFTERWARDS LADY OF
 SIR THOMAS LYTTLETON.



EAVE, leave the drawing-room,
 Where flowers of beauty us'd to bloom ;
 The nymph that's fated to o'ercome,
 Now triumphs at the Wells.
 Her shape, and air, and eyes,
 Her face, the gay, the grave, the wise,
 The beau, in spite of box and dice,
 Acknowledge, all excels.

Cease, cease to ask her name,
 The crownèd Muse's noblest theme,
 Whose glory by immortal Fame
 Shall only sounded be.
 But if you long to know,
 Then look round yonder dazzling row :
 Who most does like an angel show,
 You may be sure 'tis she.

See near those sacred springs,
 Which cure to fell diseases brings
 (As ancient fame of Ida sings),
 Three goddesses appear !
 Wealth, glory, two possest ;
 The third with charming beauty blest ;
 So fair, that heaven and earth confest
 She conquer'd everywhere.

Like her, this charmer now
 Makes every love-sick gazer bow ;
 Nay, even old age her power allow,
 And banish'd flames recall.
 Wealth can no trophy rear,
 Nor Glory now the garland wear :
 To Beauty every Paris here
 Devotes the golden ball.

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

ON THE DUCHESS OF RICHMOND.

WHAT do scholars and bards and astro-
 nomers wise
 Mean by stuffing our heads with
 nonsense and lies,
 By telling us Venus must always appear

In a car, or a shell, or a twinkling star,
 Drawn by sparrows, or swans, or dolphins, or doves,
 Attended in form by the Graces and Loves?
 That ambrosia and nectar is all she will taste,
 And her passports to hearts on a belt round her
 waist!

Without all this bustle I saw the bright dame;
 To supper last night at Pulteney's she came,
 In a good warm sedan, no fine open car,
 Two chairmen her doves, and a flambeau her star.
 No nectar she drank, no ambrosia she eat,
 Her cup was plain claret, a chicken her meat,
 Nor wanted a cestus her bosom to grace,
 For Richmond that night had lent her her face.

PHILIP, EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

TO MRS. CREWE.

WHERE the loveliest expression to features
 is join'd,
 By Nature's most delicate pencil de-
 sign'd;
 Where blushes unbidden, and smiles without art,
 Speak the softness and feeling that dwell in the
 heart;
 Where in manners, enchanting, no blemish we
 trace,
 But the soul keeps the promise we had from the
 face:
 Sure philosophy, reason, and coldness must prove
 Defences unequal to shield us from love:
 Then tell me, mysterious Enchanter, O tell!
 By what wonderful art, by what magical spell,

My heart is so fenced that for once I am wise,
 And gaze without rapture on Amoret's eyes ;
 That my wishes, which never were bounded before,
 Are here bounded by friendship, and ask for no
 more ?

Is it reason ? No, that my whole life will belie,
 For who so at variance as reason and I ?

Ambition, that fills up each chink in my heart,
 Nor allows any softer sensation a part ?

Oh no ! for in this all the world must agree,
 One folly was never sufficient for me.

Is my mind on distress too intensely employ'd,
 Or by pleasure relax'd, by variety cloy'd ?

For alike in this only, enjoyment and pain
 Both slacken the springs of those nerves which
 they strain.

That I've felt each reverse that from Fortune can
 flow,

That I've tasted each bliss that the happiest know,
 Has still been the whimsical fate of my life,
 Where anguish and joy have been ever at strife :
 But, tho' versed in extremes, both of pleasure and
 pain,

I am still but too ready to feel them again.

If then, for this once in my life, I am free,
 And escape from the snares that catch wiser than
 me :

'Tis that beauty alone but imperfectly charms ;
 For though brightness may dazzle, 'tis kindness
 that warms ;

As on suns in the winter with pleasure we gaze,
 But feel not their warmth, though their splendour
 we praise,

So beauty our just admiration may claim,
 But love, and love only, the heart can inflame !

RIGHT HON. CHARLES JAMES Fox.

BECAUSE.

 SWEET Nea ! for your lovely sake
 I weave these rambling numbers,
 Because I've lain an hour awake,
 And can't compose my slumbers ;
 Because your beauty's gentle light
 Is round my pillow beaming,
 And flings, I know not why, to-night,
 Some witchery o'er my dreaming.

Because we've pass'd some joyous days,
 And danced some merry dances ;
 Because we love old Beaumont's plays,
 And old Froissart's romances !
 Because whene'er I hear your words
 Some pleasant feeling lingers ;
 Because I think your heart has chords,
 That vibrate to your fingers !

Because you've got those long, soft curls,
 I've sworn should deck my goddess ;
 Because you're not like other girls,
 All bustle, blush, and bodice !
 Because your eyes are deep and blue,
 Your fingers long and rosy ;
 Because a little child and you
 Would make one's home so cozy !

Because your little tiny nose
 Turns up so pert and funny ;
 Because I know you choose your beaux
 More for their mirth than money ;

Because I think you'd rather twirl
 A waltz, with me to guide you,
 Than talk small nonsense with an earl
 And a coronet beside you!

Because you don't object to walk,
 And are not given to fainting ;
 Because you have not learnt to talk
 Of flowers, and Poonah-painting ;
 Because I think you'd scarce refuse
 To sew one on a button ;
 Because I know you'd sometimes choose
 To dine on simple mutton !

Because I think I'm just so weak
 As, some of those fine morrows,
 To ask you if you'll let me speak
My story—and *my sorrows* ;
 Because the rest's a simple thing,
 A matter quickly over,
 A church—a priest—a sigh—a ring—
 And a chaise and four to Dover.

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

ADVICE TO A LADY IN AUTUMN.

SSES' milk, half-a-pint, take at seven,
 or before,
 Then sleep for an hour or two, and no
 more.
 At nine stretch your arms, and oh ! think when
 alone
 There's no pleasure in bed.—Mary, bring me my
 gown ;

Slip on that ere you rise; let your caution be such;
Keep all cold from your breast; there's already
too much;

Your pinners set right; your twitcher tied on,
Your prayers at an end, and your breakfast quite
done,

Retire to some author improving and gay,
And with sense like your own, set your mind for
the day.

At twelve you may walk, for at this time o' the
year,

The sun, like your wit, is as mild as 'tis clear:
But mark in the meadows the ruin of time;
Take the hint, and let life be improved in its prime.
Return not in haste, nor of dressing take heed;
For beauty like yours, no assistance can need.
With an appetite thus down to dinner you sit,
Where the chief of the feast is the flow of your wit:
Let this be indulged, and let laughter go round;
As it pleases your mind to your health 'twill re-
ound.

After dinner two glasses at least, I approve;
Name the first to the King and the last to your
love:

Thus cheerful, with wisdom, with innocence, gay,
And calm with your joys, gently glide through
the day.

The dews of the evening most carefully shun;
Those tears of the sky for the loss of the sun.
Then in chat, or at play, with a dance, or a song,
Let the night, like the day, pass with pleasure
along.

All cares, but of love, banish far from your mind;
And those you may end, when you please to be
kind.

PHILIP, EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

A LETTER OF ADVICE

FROM MISS MEDORA TREVILIAN, AT PADUA, TO
MISS ARAMINTA VAVASOUR, IN LONDON.

NOU tell me you're promised a lover,
 My own Araminta, next week ;
Why cannot my fancy discover
 The hue of his coat and his cheek ?
Alas ! if he look like another,
 A vicar, a banker, a beau,
Be deaf to your father and mother,
 My own Araminta, say " No ! "

Miss Lane, at her Temple of Fashion,
 Taught us both how to sing and to speak,
And we loved one another with passion,
 Before we had been there a week :
You gave me a ring for a token ;
 I wear it wherever I go ;
I gave you a chain,—is it broken ?
 My own Araminta, say " No ! "

O think of our favourite cottage,
 And think of our dear Lalla Rookh !
How we shared with the milkmaids their pottage,
 And drank of the stream from the brook ;
How fondly our loving lips faltered
 " What further can grandeur bestow ? "
My heart is the same ;—is yours altered ?
 My own Araminta, say " No ! "

Remember the thrilling romances
 We read on the bank in the glen ;
 Remember the suitors our fancies
 Would picture for both of us then.
 They wore the red cross on their shoulder,
 They had vanquished and pardoned their foe—
 Sweet friend, are you wiser or colder ?
 My own Araminta, say “No !”

You know, when Lord Rigmarole’s carriage
 Drove off with your cousin Justine,
 You wept, dearest girl, at the marriage,
 And whispered “ How base she has been ! ”
 You said you were sure it would kill you,
 If ever your husband looked so ;
 And you will not apostatize,—will you ?
 My own Araminta, say “No !”

When I heard I was going abroad, love,
 I thought I was going to die ;
 We walked arm in arm to the road, love,
 We looked arm in arm to the sky ;
 And I said “ When a foreign postilion
 Has hurried me off to the Po,
 Forget not Medora Trevilian :
 My own Araminta, say ‘No !’ ”

We parted ! but sympathy’s fetters
 Reach far over valley and hill ;
 I muse o’er your exquisite letters,
 And feel that your heart is mine still ;
 And he who would share it with me, love,—
 The richest of treasures below,—
 If he’s not what Orlando should be, love,
 My own Araminta, say “No !”

If he wears a top-boot in his wooing,

If he comes to you riding a cob,

If he talks of his baking or brewing,

If he puts up his feet on the hob,

If he ever drinks port after dinner,

If his brow or his breeding is low,

If he calls himself "Thomson" or "Skinner,"

My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he studies the news in the papers

While you are preparing the tea,

If he talks of the damps or the vapours

While moonlight lies soft on the sea,

If he's sleepy while you are capricious,

If he has not a musical "Oh!"

If he does not call Werther delicious,—

My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he ever sets foot in the City

Among the stockbrokers and Jews,

If he has not a heart full of pity,

If he don't stand six feet in his shoes,

If his lips are not redder than roses,

If his hands are not whiter than snow,

If he has not the model of noses,—

My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he speaks of a tax or a duty,

If he does not look grand on his knees,

If he's blind to a landscape of beauty,

Hills, valleys, rocks, waters, and trees,

If he doats not on desolate towers,

If he likes not to hear the blast blow,

If he knows not the language of flowers,—

My own Araminta, say "No!"

He must walk—like a god of old story
 Come down from the home of his rest ;
 He must smile—like the sun in his glory
 On the buds he loves ever the best ;
 And oh ! from its ivory portal
 Like music his soft speech must flow !—
 If he speak, smile, or walk like a mortal,
 My own Araminta, say “ No !”

Don’t listen to tales of his bounty,
 Don’t hear what they say of his birth,
 Don’t look at his seat in the county,
 Don’t calculate what he is worth ;
 But give him a theme to write verse on,
 And see if he turns out his toe ;
 If he’s only an excellent person,—
 My own Araminta, say “ No !”

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

“ FAIR AMORET IS GONE ASTRAY.”

AIR Amoret is gone astray,
 Pursue, and seek her, every lover ;
 I’ll tell the signs by which you may
 The wandering shepherdess discover.

Coquet and coy at once her air,
 Both studied, tho’ both seem neglected ;
 Careless she is, with artful care,
 Affecting to seem unaffected.

With skill her eyes dart every glance,
 Yet change so soon you’d ne’er suspect them ;
 For she’d persuade they wound by chance,
 Though certain aim and art direct them.

She likes herself, yet others hates
 For that which in herself she prizes ;
 And, while she laughs at them, forgets
 She is the thing that she despises.

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

“ PHYLLIDA, THAT LOVED TO DREAM.”

 HYLLIDA, that loved to dream
 In the grove, or by the stream ;
 Sigh'd on velvet pillow.
 What, alas ! should fill her head,
 But a fountain, or a mead,
 Water and a willow ?

Love in cities never dwells,
 He delights in rural cells
 Which sweet woodbine covers.
 What are your assemblies then ?
 There, 'tis true, we see more men ;
 But much fewer lovers.

O, how changed the prospect grows !
 Flocks and herds to fops and beaux,
 Coxcombs without number !
 Moon and stars that shone so bright ;
 To the torch and waxen light,
 And whole nights at ombre.

Pleasant as it is to hear
 Scandal tickling in our ear,
 E'en of our own mothers ;
 In the chit-chat of the day
 To us is paid, when we're away,
 What we lent to others.

Though the favourite Toast I reign,
 Wine, they say, that prompts the vain,
 Heightens defamation.
 Must I live 'twixt spite and fear,
 Every day grow handsomer,
 And lose my reputation ?

Thus the fair to sighs gave way,
 Her empty purse beside her lay.
 Nymph, ah ! cease thy sorrow.
 Though curst fortune frown to-night,
 This odious town can give delight
 If you win to-morrow.

JOHN GAY.

ON A WOMAN OF FASHION.

 HEN, behind, all my hair is done up in
 a plat,
 And so, like a cornet's, tuck'd under
 my hat ;
 Then I mount on my palfrey as gay as a lark,
 And, follow'd by John, take the dust in High Park.
 In the way I am met by some smart macaroni,
 Who rides by my side on a little bay pony—
 No sturdy Hibernian, with shoulders so wide,
 But as taper and slim as the ponies they ride ;
 Their legs are as slim, and their shoulders no wider,
 Dear sweet little creatures, both pony and rider !

“ But sometimes, when bold, I order my chaise,
 And manage, myself, my two little greys :
 Sure never were seen two such sweet little ponies,
 Other horses are clowns, and these macaronies,

And to give them this title I'm sure isn't wrong,
Their legs are so slim, and their tails are so
long.

“ In Kensington Gardens to stroll up and down,
You know was the fashion before you left town :
The thing's well enough, when allowance is made
For the size of the trees and the depth of the
shade ;

But the spread of their leaves such a shelter
affords

To those noisy impudent creatures call'd birds,
Whose ridiculous chirruping ruins the scene,
Brings the country before me, and gives me the
spleen.

“ Yet, though 'tis too rural—to come near the
mark,

We all herd in *one* walk, and that nearest the park,
There with ease we may see, as we pass by the
wicket,

The chimneys of Knightsbridge, and—footmen at
cricket.

I must though, in justice, declare that the grass,
Which, worn by our feet, is diminish'd apace,
In a little time more will be brown and as flat
As the sand at Vauxhall, or as Ranelagh mat.
Improving thus fast, perhaps, by degrees,
We may see rolls and butter spread under the
trees,

With a small, pretty band in each seat of the
walk

To play little tunes and enliven our talk.”

THOMAS TICKELL.

THE JILT.



AY, Lucy, what enamour'd spark
Now sports thee through the gazing
Park

In new barouche or tandem ;
And, as infatuation leads,
Permits his reason and his steeds
To run their course at random ?

Fond youth, those braids of ebon hair,
Which to a face already fair
Impart a lustre fairer ;
Those locks which now invite to love,
Soon unconfin'd and false shall prove,
And changeful as the wearer.

Unpractised in a woman's guile,
Thou think'st, perchance, her halcyon smile
Portends unruffled quiet ;
That, ever-charming, fond and mild,
No wanton thoughts, no passion wild,
Within her soul can riot.

Alas ! how often shalt thou mourn
(If nymphs like her, so soon forsworn,
Be worth a moment's trouble),
How quickly own with sad surprise,
The paradise that bless'd thine eyes
Was painted on a bubble.

In her accommodating creed
A lord will always supersede
A commoner's embraces :

His lordship's love contents the fair,
Until enabled to ensnare
A nobler prize—his Grace's !

Unhappy are the youths who gaze,
Who feel her beauty's maddening blaze,
And trust to what she utters !
For me, by sad experience wise,
At rosy cheeks or sparkling eyes,
My heart no longer flutters.

Chamber'd in Albany, I view
On every side a jovial crew
Of Benedictine neighbours.
I sip my coffee, read the news,
I own no mistress but the muse,
And she repays my labours.

And should some brat her love bespeak
(Though illegitimate and weak
As these unpolish'd verses),
A father's joys shall still be mine,
Without the fear of parish fine,
Bills, beadles, quacks, or nurses.

JAMES SMITH.

DIXIT, ET IN MENSAM—.

The scene is a picnic, and Mr. Joseph de Clapham ventures to think that his fiancée, the lovely Belgravinia, is a little too fast.

 OW don't look so glum and so sanctified,
please,
For folks *comme il faut*, Sir, are always
at easé;
How dare you suggest that my talk is too free?
Il n'est jamais de mal en bon compagnie.

Must I shut up my eyes when I ride in the Park?
 Or, pray, would you like me to ride after dark?
 If not, Mr. Prim, I shall say what I see,
Il n'est jamais de mal en bon compagnie.

What harm am I speaking, you stupid Old Nurse?
 I'm sure papa's newspaper tells us much worse,
 He's a clergyman, too, are you stricter than he?
Il n'est jamais de mal en bon compagnie.

I knew who it was, and I said so, that's all;
 I said who went round to her box from his stall;
 Pray what is your next prohibition to be?
Il n'est jamais de mal en bon compagnie.

“ My grandmother would not—” O, would not,
 indeed?
 Just read Horace Walpole— Yes, Sir, I *do* read.
 Besides, what's my grandmother's buckram to me?
Il n'est jamais de mal en bon compagnie.

“ I said it before that old *roué*, Lord Gadde ; ”
 That's a story, he'd gone: and what harm if I had?
 He has known me for years—from a baby of three.
Il n'est jamais de mal en bon compagnie.

You go to your Club (and this makes me so wild),
 There you smoke, and you slander man, woman,
 and child;
 But I'm not to know there's such people as she—
Il n'est jamais de mal en bon compagnie.

It's all my own fault; the Academy, Sir,
 You whispered to Philip, “ No, no, it's not *her*,
 Sir Edwin would hardly”—I heard, *mon ami*;
Il n'est jamais de mal en bon compagnie.

Well, there, I'm quite sorry ; now, stop looking
haughty,
Or must I kneel down on my knees, and say,
"naughty?"
There ! Get me a peach, and I wish you'd agree
Il n'est jamais de mal en bon compagnie.

CHARLES SHIRLEY BROOKS.

AN EPITAPH.

 LOVELY young lady I mourn in my
rhymes :

She was pleasant, good-natured, and
civil sometimes.

Her figure was good : she had very fine eyes,
And her talk was a mixture of foolish and wise,
Her adorers were many, and one of them said,
"She waltzed rather well ! it's a pity she's dead !"

GEORGE JOHN CAYLEY.

MADAME LA MARQUISE.

 HE folds of her wine-dark violet dress
Glow over the sofa, fall on fall,
As she sits in the air of her loveliness,
With a smile for each and for all.

Half of her exquisite face in the shade,
Which o'er it the screen in her soft hand flings ;
Through the gloom glows her hair in its odorous
braid ;
In the firelight are sparkling her rings.

As she leans,—the slow smile half shut up in her
eyes
Beams the sleepy, long, silk-soft lashes beneath :

Through her crimson lips, stirred by her faint replies,
Breaks one gleam of her pearl-white teeth.

As she leans,—where your eye, by her beauty subdued,
Droops—from under warm fringes of broidery white,
The slightest of feet, silken slippers, protrude
For one moment, then slip out of sight.

As I bend o'er her bosom to tell her the news,
The faint scent of her hair, the approach of her cheek,
The vague warmth of her breath, all my senses suffuse
With herself; and I tremble to speak.

So she sits in the curtained luxurious light
Of that room with its porcelain, and pictures,
and flowers,
When the dark day's half done, and the snow
flutters white
Past the windows in feathery showers.

All without is so cold,—'neath the low, leaden sky!
Down the bald, empty street, like a ghost, the gendarme
Stalks surly; a distant carriage hums by;—
All within is so bright and so warm!

But she drives after noon;—then's the time to behold her,
With her fair face, half hid, like a ripe peeping rose,

'Neath the veil,—o'er the velvets and furs which
enfold her,—

Leaning back with a queenly repose.

As she glides up the sunlight, you'd say she was
made

To loll back in a carriage all day with a smile ;
And at dusk, on a sofa, to lean in the shade
Of soft lamps, and be woo'd for a while.

Could we find out her heart through that velvet
and lace ?

Can it beat without ruffling her sumptuous dress ?
She will show us her shoulder, her bosom, her face ;
But what the heart's like, we must guess.

With live women and men to be found in the
world—

(Live with sorrow and sin—live with pain and
with passion)—

Who could live with a doll, though its locks
should be curled,

And its petticoats trimmed in the fashion ?

'Tis so fair ! Would my bite, if I bit it draw blood ?

Will it cry if I hurt it ? or scold if I kiss ?

Is it made, with its beauty, of wax or of wood ?

. . . . Is it worth while to guess at all this ?

ROBERT, LORD LYTTON.

AVICE.


HOUGH the voice of modern schools
Has demurred,
By the dreamy Asian creed
'Tis averred,
That the souls of men, released

From their bodies when deceased,
Sometimes enter in a beast,—
Or a bird.

I have watched you long, Avice,—
Watched you so,
I have found your secret out ;
And I know
That the restless ribboned things
Where your slope of shoulder springs,
Are but undeveloped wings
That will grow.

When you enter in a room,
It is stirred
With the wayward, flashing flight
Of a bird ;
And you speak—and bring with you
Leaf and sun-ray, bud and blue,
And the wind-breath and the dew
At a word.

When you called to me my name,
Then again,
When I heard your single cry
In the lane,
All the sound was as the “ sweet ”
Which the birds to birds repeat
In their thank-song to the heat
After rain.

When you sang the *Schwalbenlied*,
’Twas absurd,—
But it seemed no human note
That I heard ;
For your strain had all the trills,

All the little shakes and stills,
Of the over-song that rills
From a bird.

You have just their eager, quick
"Airs de tête,"
All their flush and fever-heat
When elate ;
Every bird-like nod and beck,
And a bird's own curve of neck
When she gives a little peck
To her mate.

When you left me, only now,
In that furred,
Puffed, and feathered Polish dress,
I was spurred
Just to catch you, O my Sweet,
By the bodice trim and neat,—
Just to feel your heart a-beat,
Like a bird.

Yet, alas ! Love's light you deign
But to wear
As the dew upon your plumes,
And you care
Not a whit for rest or hush ;
But the leaves, the lyric gush,
And the wing-power, and the rush
Of the air.

So I dare not woo you, Sweet,
For a day,
Lest I love you in a flash,
As I may ;
Did I tell you tender things,

You would shake your sudden wings;—
 You would start from him who sings,
 And away.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

BEAUTY CLARE.

 ALF Lucrece, half Messalina,
 Lovely piece of Sèvres-china !
 When I see you, I compare
 You with common quiet creatures,
 —Homely delf, in ways and features,—
 Beauty Clare !

Surely Nature must have meant you
 For a Syren, when she sent you
 That sweet voice, and glittering hair.
 —Was it touch of human passion
 Made you woman, in a fashion—
 Beauty Clare !

I think not. The moral door-step,
 Cautiously you never o'er-step,
 When your victims you ensnare—
 —Lead them on with hopes—deceive them—
 Then turn coldly round, and leave them,
 Beauty Clare !

You've a husband,—and you like him
 Very fairly: does it strike him
 That at home a married pair
 Does not want a tenor-chorus,
 Ever, to his wife, canorous,
 Beauty Clare ?

Some new slave I note each season,
Wearing life away, his knees on.

In your box, I see them dangling,
Triumphs of successful angling,

What perfection in your waltzing !
How in vain the women all sing,
When you warble some sweet air !
But, your sentimental ditty
Over,—you are then the witty
Beauty Clare.

Men of every age and station
Listen to your conversation,

With a rapt admiring stare ;
 As though words that from your mouth fall
 Sweet as grapes were, on a south wall,
 Beauty Clare.

How you light the smouldering embers
 Of decrepit Peers and Members !

While you still have smiles to spare
 For a new-fledged boy from college,
 Sitting at *your* feet for knowledge !

—Beauty Clare.

At your country-seat in Salop,
 What contention for a gallop

With you, on your chestnut mare !
 How the country misses hate you,
 Seeing o'er a five-barr'd gate,—you,
 Beauty Clare !

Who at croquet can come near you ?
 E'en the men, at billiards, fear you—

Might dislike you, if you were
 Less engaging—child-like—simple—(?)
 With that figure, and that dimple,
 Beauty Clare !

All-accomplish'd little creature !
 Fatally-endow'd by Nature,—

Were your inward soul laid bare,
 What should we discover under
 That seductive mask, I wonder,
 Beauty Clare ?

Should we find a heart, revealing
 Any one warm, tender feeling ?

Or a cold, hard nature, there,

Yet—who knows? Good *might* have won you—
Have not those rare gifts undone you?

Had you once a little sister?
Did you, when at night you kiss'd her,
 Ever breathe an inward pray'r,
That, in all things, God would make her
Unlike you,—or else would take her,
 Beauty Clare?

For the thought of a Hereafter
Hushes even your light laughter
 Sometimes, I suppose? Beware,
How you find yourself within it!—
All is changed in such a minute,
 —Beauty Clare!

When the day shall overtake you
That your lovers all forsake you,
How with you, then, will it fare ?
—When your conquests are forgotten
In the Row that men call " Rotten,"
Beauty Clare ?

Wretched woman ! I deplore you—
What an old age lies before you !

In that hour of dark despair
All the ghosts of your attractions
Will rise up, and curse your actions,—

Beauty Clare !

HAMILTON AÏDÉ.

A MUSICAL BOX.



KNOW her, the thing of laces, and
silks,

And ribbons, and gauzes, and
crinoline,

With her neck and shoulders as white as milk,
And her doll-like face and conscious mien.

A lay-figure fashioned to fit a dress,
All stuffed within with straw and bran ;
Is that a woman to love, to caress ?
Is that a creature to charm a man ?

Only listen ! how charmingly she talks
Of your dress and hers—of the Paris mode—
Of the coming ball—of the opera-box—

Of jupons, and flounces, and fashions abroad.
Not a bonnet in church but she knows it well,
And Fashion she worships with downcast eyes ;
A *marchande de modes* is her oracle,
And Paris her earthly paradise.

She's perfect to whirl with in a waltz ;
And her shoulders show well on a soft divan,
As she lounges at night and spreads her silks,
And plays with her bracelets and flirts her fan ;
With a little laugh at whatever you say,
And rounding her “No” with a look of surprise,

And lisping her "Yes," with an air *distract*,
 And a pair of aimless, wandering eyes.

Her duty this Christian never omits !

She makes her calls, and leaves her cards,
 And enchant's a circle of half-fledged wits,
 And slim *attachés* and six-foot Guards.

Her talk is of people, who're nasty or nice,
 And she likes little bon-bons of compliments ;
 While she seasons their sweetness, by way of spice,
 By some witless scandal she often invents.

Is this the thing for mother or wife ?

Could love ever grow on such barren rocks ?

Is this a companion to take for a wife ?

One might as well marry a musical box.

You exhaust in a day her full extent ;

'Tis the same little tinkle of tunes always ;

You must wind her up with a compliment,

To be bored with the only airs she plays.

W. W. STORY.

EPISTLE FROM LORD BORINGDON TO LORD GRANVILLE.

 FT you have ask'd me, Granville, why
 Of late I heave the frequent sigh ?
 Why, moping, melancholy, low,
 From supper, commons, wine, I go !
 Why bows my mind, by care oppress'd,
 By day no peace, by night no rest ?
 Hear, then, my friend, and ne'er you knew
 A tale so tender, and so true—
 Hear what, though shame my tongue restrain,
 My pen with freedom shall explain.

Say, Granville, do you not remember,
About the middle of November,
When Blenheim's hospitable lord
Received us at his cheerful board ;
How fair the Ladies Spencer smiled,
Enchanting, witty, courteous, mild ?
And mark'd you not how many a glance
Across the table, shot by chance
From fair Eliza's graceful form,
Assail'd and took my heart by storm ?
And mark'd you not, with earnest zeal,
I ask'd her, if she'd have some veal ?
And how, when conversation's charms
Fresh vigour gave to love's alarms,
My heart was scorch'd, and burnt to tinder
When talking to her at the winder ?
These facts premised, you can't but guess
The cause of my uneasiness,
For you have heard, as well as I,
That she'll be married speedily ;
And then—my grief more plain to tell—
Soft cares, sweet fears, fond hopes,—farewell !
But still, tho' false the fleeting dream,
Indulge awhile the tender theme,
And hear, had fortune yet been kind,
How bright the prospect of the mind.
O ! had I had it in my power
To wed her—with a suited dower—
And proudly bear the beauteous maid
To Saltrum's venerable shade,—
Or if she liked not woods at Saltrum,
Why, nothing easier than to alter 'em,—
Then had I tasted bliss sincere,
And happy been from year to year.
How changed this scene ! for now, my Granville,
Another match is on the anvil.

And I, a widow'd dove, complain,
 And feel no refuge from my pain—
 Save that of pitying Spencer's sister,
 Who's lost a lord, and gain'd a mister.

RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING.

LITTLE LAURETTE.

LITTLE Laurette was sitting beside
 Her dressing-room fire, in a dream,
 alone ;
 A mignonne mixture of love and pride
 She seemed, as she loosed her zone.

She combed her tresses of wondrous hair,
 Her small white feet to the fire peeped out,
 Strangely fluttered her bosom fair,
 And her lips had a wilful pout.

Whoever had seen that little Laurette,
 Looking so innocent, tender, and sweet,
 Would have long'd to have made her his own, own
 pet,
 To lie at her fair young feet.

Is it fear that dwells in those weird blue eyes ?
 For it is not love, and it is not sorrow.
 Ah ! little Laurette, from your dream arise,
 You must be married to-morrow.

Married to one who loves you well,
 Whose wealth to your life will a glory be.
 Yet I guess you are thinking—who can tell ?—
 Of Frank, who is over the sea.

How happy they were, that girl and boy,
 On the garden terrace by moonlight met,

When to look in his eyes was the perfect joy
Of that little darling Laurette.

How wretched they were, that boy and girl,
When for the last, last time they met,
And he carried away a soft bright curl,
And the heart of little Laurette.

Pooh, pooh ! her heart ? Why she hasn't a heart ;
She waltzed that night with Sir Evelyn Vere :
Into the greenhouse they strolled apart—
He's got twenty thousand a year—

A house in Park Lane—a château in France—
A charming villa on Windermere.
She made up her mind in that very first dance
She'd like to be Lady Vere.

The news will go out by the Overland Mail :
In a month or two poor Frank will hear
That London has nothing to do but hail
The beauty of Lady Vere.

She'll be Queen of Fashion, that heartless elf,
Till a younger comes, and the world grows cool.
And as to Frank—will he shoot himself ?
Well, I hope he's not quite such a fool.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

A LEGEND OF THE DIVORCE COURT.

UDERLEY woodlands, breezy and
bright,
Were alive with the windflower and
harebell blue,
Were sprinkled with marvellous shadow and light,
When I went thither to woo.

Well I remember those days of yore,
 Those still sweet days that can never again
 Come up from Dreamland's silent shore,
 Though I long for them in vain.

O the tender blue in Amy's eyes,
 Where the love-light glitter'd, soft and modest !
 And I see her form before me rise,
 So delicately bodiced.

And the crescent moon in the sky is faint,
 And the sunset-flags in the west unfurl,
 And she trips by my side, a maiden, a saint,
 All my own—that fair young girl.

Now the old bells rang in that grey church tower,
 And every cloud from the heavens had fled—
 'Twas of sweet spring days the very flower
 When Amy and I were wed.

Why should I think of the honeymoon,
 Of the vague red cliffs and the bright blue sea ?
 O I drank the wine of my life that June,
 When the wind on the sands blew free—

When the seagull dipt, and the white sail glittered,
 And my gay girl-wife on the sands would sing,
 And never a thought of care embittered
 My days with that sweet young thing.

Well, it's over now. We didn't agree.
 I like *écarté*. I'm fond of pool.
 A man can't die of that curst *ennui*
 With a pretty little fool.

Her modiste's bills were large, I thought.
 I hated her mother, a sour old girl ;
 And said perhaps what I hadn't ought
 Of her stiff old uncle, the Earl.

And the devil-black eyes of little Lorette
 Made rather a fool of me, that I allow.
 And I went out to supper, and got into debt,
 And at last came a deuce of a row.

Well, thanks to Sir Cresswell Cresswell, we,
 Who were man and wife, are severed again.
 It's an easy business now, you see.
 Jack, another glass of champagne.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

A COMEDY.

PROLOGUE.



WAS all over between us, you thought,
 when we parted,
 'Twas good-bye to me and to trouble
 or care ;
 A sigh and a tear, a poor boy broken-hearted,
 Was naught, for what feelings had you then to
 spare ?
 'Twas nothing to you that my best hopes were
 shattered,
 You knew all the time that you meant we should
 part ;
 With fair words did *you* think I e'er could feel
 flattered,
 From lips feigning truth with such falseness at
 heart ?

ACT I.

Ah ! lovely and lost one, I muse in the gloaming,
 And think of one midsummer twilight last year,
 But one little year past, when we two were roaming
 With hand locked in hand by the still solemn mere.

Have *you*, love, forgotten that night and those
pledges,
Half-whispered, half-sobbed, 'neath that calm
summer sky?
In fancy I hear the faint shiver of sedges,
And still the lowplash of the water seems nigh.

Act II.

You've made, what the world calls, a capital mar-
riage,
Your dinners are perfect, your dances the rage ;
They talk, at the clubs, of your new pony-carriage,
And sneer at your husband, who's double your
age.
Ah ! fairest of false ones, I'd have you remember,
Though blooming and bright be the freshness
of May,
'Twill tremble before the cool breath of December,
'Twill silently droop and then wither away !

Act III.

They tell me you're happy ; and yet, on reflection,
I find they talk more of your wealth than of
you ;
And if you have moments of thought and dejec-
tion,
It may be those moments are known but to few ;
You've rubies and pearls and a brilliant tiara ;
You breakfast off Sèvres of the real *bleu du Roi* ;
'Tis better no doubt than a heart, *mia cara*,
And a poor posy ring with its " *Pensez à
moi ?*"

ACT IV.

Nay, blame not your husband, nor think you're
used badly,
"Twas simply a matter of money and trade ;
You named him your "figure;" he paid it too
gladly,
Your heart was no part of the bargain he made.
He purchased a wife to embellish his table,
To humour his whims and obey his behests :
One lovely and clever, one willing and able—
To prove his good taste and to talk to his
guests.

ACT V.

At times, when 'mid riches and splendour you
languish,
To still your poor conscience you fruitlessly try ;
As tears are fast falling in bitterest anguish,
You'll own there is something that money can't
buy.
Yes, love, there are mem'ries e'en gold cannot stifle,
The ghost of a dead love that will not be laid ;
And while in the bright world of pleasure you
trifle,
Do you never meet the sad eyes of the shade ?

J. ASHBY STERRY.

AT HOME.

 INVITATIONS I will write ;
All the world I will invite ;
I will deign to show civility
To the tip-tops of gentility,
To the cream of the Nobility,—
I'm "at home" next Monday night.

See my footman, how he runs !
 Ev'ry paltry street he shuns.
 I'm "at home" to Peers and Peeresses,
 Who reside in Squares and Terraces ;
 I'm "at home" to Heirs and Heiresses,
 And, of course, to *eldest Sons*.

I'm "at home" to all the set
 Of exclusives I have met ;
 If a Rival open all her doors,
 All the coronets shall pass her doors ;
 I'm "at home" to the Ambassadors,
 Though their names I quite forget.

I'm "at home" to Guardsmen all,
 Be they short, or be they tall ;
 I'm "at home" to men Political,
 Poetical and Critical,
 And the punning men of wit, I call
 Acquisitions at a Ball.

Oh ! the matchless Collinet
 On his flageolet shall play ;
 How I love to hear the thrill of it !
 Pasta's song, think what she will of it,
 He will make a quick Quadrille of it,—
 "Dove sono,"—dance away.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

NOT AT HOME.

NOT at home ! not at home ! close my
 curtain again ;
 Go and send the intruders away ;
 They may knock if they will, but 'tis
 labour in vain,
 For I am not made up for the day.

Though my Ball was the best of all possible Balls,

Though I graced my Saloon like a Queen,
I've a headache to-day, so if any one calls,
“Not at home!”—I am not to be seen.

Not at home! not at home! bring strong coffee
at two,

But now leave me to doze in the dark;—
I'm too pale for my pink, I'm too brown for my
blue,

I'm too sick for my drive in the Park.
If the man whose attentions are pointed should call
(Eliza, you know who I mean),
Oh! say, when he knocks, I'm knock'd up by my
ball,—

“Not at home!”—I am not to be seen.

Not at home to Sir John, not at home to the
Count,

Not at home till my ringlets are curl'd;
Should the jeweller call, with his little account,
Not at home! not at home for the world!

I at midnight must shine at three splendid at
homes,

Then adieu to my morning chagrin;
Close my curtains again, for till candlelight comes,
“Not at home!”—I am not to be seen.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

“MY HUSBAND MEANS EXTREMELY
WELL.”



Y husband means extremely well,—
Good, honest, humdrum man;
And really I can hardly tell
How first our feuds began.

It was a match of my Mama's,—
No match at all, I mean ;
Unless declining fifty has
One feature like fifteen.

I long'd to leave the prosy set,
Papa and durance vile ;
I long'd to have a landaulet,
And four neat Greys in style :
Sir William's steeds were thoroughbred ;
He wooed me fourteen days,
And I consented, though his head
Was greyer than his greys.

For, oh ! I pin'd for Pineries,
Plate, pin-money, and pearls ;
For smiles from Royal Highnesses,
Dukes, Marquises, and Earls :
Sir William was in Parliament,
And notic'd by the King ;
So when he made his settlement,
It was a settled thing.

He grumbles now ! A woman's whim
Turns night to day, he says,
As if he thought I'd sit with *him*
Benighting all my days !
At six *he* rises ; as for *me*,
At twelve I ring *my* bell ;
Thus we're wound up alternately,
Like buckets in a well.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

NO LONGER JEALOUS.



REMEMBER the time ere his temples
were grey,
And I frown'd at the things he'd the
boldness to say ;
But now he's grown old, he may say what he
will,
I laugh at his nonsense and take nothing ill.

Indeed I must say he's a little improved,
For he watches no longer the "slily beloved,"
No longer at once he awakens my fears,
Not a glance he perceives, not a whisper he hears.

If he heard one of late, it has never transpired,
For his only delight is to see me admired ;
And now pray what better return can I make,
Than to flirt and be always admired—for his sake ?

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

MAMMA.

A BASSINETTE BALLAD.



T'S tea-time, nurse ; I'll take your place—
Don't hurry. Bless your little face,
You miracle of pink and lace,
So sweetly sleeping !

Is this my second wedding-day,
And only twenty-five last May ?
How youth and beauty slip away,
And years come creeping !

Where are the moths that buzzed about,
To singe their wings, when I came out—
Brief butterflies of ball or rout?
I'm quite deserted.

That foolish Archie over-sea,
I wonder does *he* think of me—
Our tiff beneath the apple-tree,
Or how we flirted?

When only lazy plash of oars
Broke summer's sleep on Henley shores,
Or when October's idler scores
Delicious cool days!

For as I sat last night at *Caste*,
A foolish fancy o'er me past—
A memory of who took me last
In my old school days!

But still he liked or loved in vain,
Swore he could never trust again,
But found a solace for his pain
Across the water.

At least the *Times* had this to show—
I cut it out three weeks ago—
“The wife of Captain Bungalow,
Madras, a daughter.”

Then Ferdinand, a clever bear
(Now A.R.A.), who wore his hair
Like Irving, when he “saws the air”
In Hamlet's buskin.

A pallid youth, who lived apart,
A sombre sacrifice to Art,—
I think he only had a heart
For me—and Ruskin.

One more, my poor first love, appears,
 His memory weaves across the years
 A silver haze of smiles and tears—
 A Harrow Crichton.

Bookworm and bat, what runs he made !
 But how he blushed when he betrayed
 His passion on King's Road Parade,
 Like Toots, at Brighton !

A poet, too, not over-wise ;
 But still I somehow seem to prize
 Those verses on my “ sweet grey eyes ”
 And “ languid lashes.”

Well, we were young—it might have been ;
 But boys are fickle at eighteen—
 Dear Bertie, cold at Kensal Green :
 Peace to his ashes !

* * * * *

No, Jane, I'll wear the blue to-night ;
 I hope you've put that border right—
 What ! you're awake, you tiny mite !
 Come to mamma, dear.

Hark, there's a step outside ! I've missed
 His name entirely from the list—
 Are we both ready to be kissed ?
 It's your papa, dear !

H. B. FREEMAN.

“ THIS IS MY ELDEST DAUGHTER.”

THIS is my eldest daughter, Sir,—her
 mother's only care.
 You praise her face—Oh, Sir, she is as
 good as she is fair.

My angel Jane is clever too, accomplishments I've
taught her;
I'll introduce her to you, Sir,—This is my eldest
Daughter.

I've sought the aid of ornament, be-jewelling her
curls;

I've tried her beauty unadorn'd, simplicity and
pearls:

I've set her off, to get her off, till fallen off I've
thought her;

Yet I've softly breath'd to all the Beaux—"This is
my eldest Daughter."

I've tried all styles of hair-dressing, Madona's,
frizzes, crops;

Her waist I've lac'd, her back I've brac'd, till circu-
lation stops;

I've padded her, until I have into a Venus wrought
her,

But puffing her has no effect,—This is my eldest
Daughter.

Her gowns are *à la* Ackerman; her corsets *à la*
Bell;

Yet when the season ends each Beau still leaves
his T. T. L.

I patronize each Déjeuner, each party on the
water;

Yet still she hangs upon my arm,—This is my
eldest Daughter.

She did refuse a Gentleman,—(I own it was
absurd!);

She thought she *ought* to answer *No!* He took
her at her word!

But she'd say *Yes* if any one that's eligible sought
her;

She really is a charming girl, though she's my
eldest Daughter.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

THE ARCHERY MEETING.

HE archery meeting is fixed for the
Third;

The fuss that it causes is truly absurd;
I've bought summer bonnets for Rosa
and Bess,

And now I must buy each an archery dress!
Without a green suit they would blush to be seen,
And poor little Rosa looks horrid in green.

Poor fat little Rosa, she's shooting all day!
She sends forth an arrow expertly, they say;
But 'tis terrible when with exertion she warms,
And she seems to be getting such muscular arms;
And if she should hit, 'twere as well if she missed,
Prize bracelets could never be placed on her wrists.

Dear Bess, with her elegant figure and face,
Looks quite a Diana, the queen of the place;
But as for the shooting—she never takes aim;
She talks so and laughs so!—the beaux are to
blame;

She doats on flirtation—but oh! by-the-by,
'Twas awkward her shooting out Mrs. Flint's eye!

They've made my poor husband an archer elect;
He dresses the part with prodigious effect;
A pair of nankeens, with a belt round his waist,

And a quiver of course, in which arrows are placed;
 And a bow in his hand—oh! he looks of all things
 Like a corpulent Cupid bereft of his wings!

They dance on the lawn, and we mothers, alas!
 Must sit on camp-stools with our feet in the grass;
 My Flora and Bessy no partners attract!
 The archery men are all cross-beaux, in fact!
 Among the young ladies some hits there may be,
 But still at my elbow two misses I see!

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

THE FEMALE PHAETON.

HUS Kitty, beautiful and young,
 And wild as colt untam'd,
 Bespoke the fair from whence she
 sprung,
 With little rage inflam'd:

Inflam'd with rage at sad restraint
 Which wise mamma ordain'd,
 And sorely vext to play the saint
 Whilst wit and beauty reign'd.

“ Shall I thumb holy books, confin'd
 With Abigails, forsaken?
 Kitty's for other things design'd,
 Or I am much mistaken.

“ Must Lady Jenny frisk about,
 And visit with her cousins?
 At balls must she make all the rout,
 And bring home hearts by dozens?

“What has she better, pray, than I,
What hidden charms to boast,
That all mankind for her should die,
Whilst I am scarce a toast?

“Dearest mamma! for once let me,
Unchain’d, my fortune try;
I’ll have my earl as well as she,
Or know the reason why.

“I’ll soon with Jenny’s pride quit score,
Make all her lovers fall:
They’ll grieve I was not loos’d before:
She, I was loos’d at all!”

Fondness prevail’d, mamma gave way;
Kitty, at heart’s desire,
Obtain’d the chariot for a day,
And set the world on fire.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

“I MUST COME OUT NEXT SPRING.”



MUST come out next Spring, Mamma,
I must come out next Spring;
To keep me with my Governess
Would be a cruel thing:
Whene’er I see my sisters dress’d
In leno and in lace,—
Miss Twig’s apartment seems to be
A miserable place.
I must come out next Spring, Mamma,
I must come out next Spring;
To keep me with my Governess
Would be a cruel thing.

I'm very sick of Grosv'nor Square,
 The path within the rails ;
 I'm weary of Telemachus,
 And such outlandish tales :
 I hate my French, my vile *Chambaud* ;
 In tears I've turn'd his leaves ;
 Oh ! let me Frenchify my hair,
 And take to *Gigot* sleeves.
 I must come out next Spring, Mamma,
 I must come out next Spring ;
 To keep me with my Governess
 Would be a cruel thing.

I know quite well what I should say
 To partners at a ball ;
 I've got a pretty speech or two.
 And they would serve for all.
 If an Hussar, I'd praise his horse,
 And win a smile from him ;
 And if a Naval man, I'd lisp,
 "Pray, Captain, do you swim ?"
 I must come out next Spring, Mamma,
 I must come out next Spring ;
 To keep me with my Governess
 Would be a cruel thing.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

MY NEIGHBOUR ROSE.

 HOUGH walls but thin our hearths
 divide,
 We're strangers, dwelling side by side;
 How gaily all your days must glide
 Unvex'd by labour !

I've seen you weep, and could have wept;
 I've heard you sing, (and might have slept!)
 Sometimes I hear your chimney swept,
 My charming neighbour!

Your pets are mine. Pray what may ail
 The pup, once eloquent of tail?
 I wonder why your nightingale
 Is mute at sunset.

Your puss, demure and pensive, seems
 Too fat to mouse. Much she esteems
 Yon sunny wall, and, dozing, dreams
 Of mice she once ate.

Our tastes agree. I dote upon
 Frail jars, turquoise and celadon,
 The *Wedding March* of Mendelssohn,
 And *Pensero*.

When sorely tempted to purloin
 Your *pietà* of Marc Antoine,
 Fair virtue doth fair play enjoin,
 Fair Virtuoso!

At times an Ariel, cruel-kind,
 Will kiss my lips, and stir your blind,
 And whisper low, "She hides behind;
 Thou art not lonely."

The tricksy sprite would erst assist
 At hush'd Verona's moonlight tryst;—
 Sweet Capulet! thou wert not kiss'd
 By light winds only.

I miss the simple days of yore,
 When two long braids of hair you wore,
 And *chat botté* was wonder'd o'er,
 In corner cozy.

But gaze not back for tales like those :
It's all in order, I suppose,
The Bud is now a blooming Rose,—
A rosy-posy !

Indeed, farewell to bygone years ;
How wonderful the change appears ;
For curates now, and cavaliers,

 In turn perplex you :
The last are birds of feather gay,
Who swear the first are birds of prey ;
I'd scare them all had I my way,
 But that might vex you.

At times I've envied, it is true,
That hero, joyous twenty-two,
Who sent *bouquets* and *billets-doux*,
 And wore a sabre.

The rogue ! how close his arm he wound
About her waist, who never frown'd.
He loves you, Child. Now, is he bound
 To love *my* neighbour ?

The bells are ringing. As is meet,
White favours fascinate the street,
Sweet faces greet me, rueful-sweet
 'Twixt tears and laughter :
They crowd the door, to see her go,
The bliss of one brings many woe ;
Oh, kiss the bride, and I will throw
 The old shoe after.

What change in one short afternoon,
My own dear neighbour gone,—so soon !
Is yon pale orb her honey-moon
 Slow rising hither ?

O Lady ! wan and marvellous !
 How oft have we held commune thus :
 Sweet memory shall dwell with us,—
 And joy go with her !

FREDERICK LOCKER.

“REJECTED ADDRESSES.”

IR TOBY was a portly party ;
 Sir Toby took his turtle hearty ;
 Sir Toby lived to dine :
Château margot was his fort ;
 Bacchus would have backt his port ;
 He was an Alderman, in short,
 Of the very first water—and wine.

An Alderman of the first degree,
 But neither wife nor son had he :
 He had a daughter fair,—
 And often said her father, “ Cis,
 You shall be dubbed ‘ my Lady,’ Miss,
 When I am dubbed Lord Mayor.

“ The day I don the gown and chain,
 In Hymen’s modern Fetter-Lane
 You wed Sir Gobble Grist ;
 And whilst with pomp and pageant high
 I scrape, and strut, and star it by
 St. George’s-in-the-East, you’ll try
 St. George’s-in-the-West.”

Oh vision of paternal pride !
 Oh, blessed Groom to such a Bride !
 Oh happy Lady Cis !
 Yet sparks won’t always strike the match,
 And miss may chance to lose “ her catch,”
 Or he may catch—a miss !

Such things do happen, here and there,
When knights are old, and nymphs are fair,

And who can say they don't?

When Worldly takes the gilded pill,
And Dives stands and says "I will,"

And Beauty says "I won't!"

Sweet Beauty! Sweeter thus by far—

Young Goddess of the silver star,

Divinity capricious!—

Who would not barter wealth and wig,

And pomp and pride and *otium dig.*,

For Youth—when "plums" weren't worth a fig

And Venus smiled propitious?

Alas! that beaux will lose their spring,

And wayward belles refuse to "ring,"

Unstruck by Cupid's dart!

Alas! that—must the truth be told—

Yet oft'ner has the archer sold

The "white and red," to touch the "gold,"

And Diamonds trumped the Heart!

That luckless heart! too soon misplaced!—

Why is it that parental taste

On sagest circulation based

So rarely pleases Miss?

Let those who can the riddle read;

For me, I've no idea indeed,

No more, perhaps, had Cis.

It might have been she found Sir G.

Less tender than a swain should be,—

Young—sprightly—witty—gay?—

It might have been she thought his hat

Or head too round or square or flat

Or empty—who can say?

What bard shall dare? Perhaps his nose?—
 A shade too pink, or pale, or rose?—
 His cut of beard, wig, whisker, hose?—
 A wrinkle?—here—or there?—
 Perhaps the *preux chevalier's* chance
 Hung on a word or on a glance,
 Or on a single hair.

I know not! But the Parson waited,
 The Bridegroom swore, the Groomsmen rated,
 Till two o'clock or near;—
 Then home again in rage and wrath,
 Whilst pretty Cis—was rattling North
 With Jones the Volunteer!

H. CHOLMONDELEY PENNELL.

THE TALENTED MAN.

A LETTER FROM A LADY IN LONDON TO A LADY
 AT LAUSANNE.

DEAR Alice! you'll laugh when you
 know it,—
 Last week, at the Duchess's ball,
 I danced with the clever new poet,—
 You've heard of him,—Tully St. Paul.
 Miss Jonquil was perfectly frantic;
 I wish you had seen Lady Anne!
 It really was very romantic,
 He is such a talented man!

He came up from Brazen-nose College,
 Just caught, as they call it, this spring;
 And his head, love, is stuffed full of knowledge
 Of every conceivable thing.

Of science and knowledge he chatters,
 As fine and as fast as he can ;
 Though I am no judge of such matters,
 I'm sure he's a talented man.

His stories and jests are delightful ;—
 Not stories or jests, dear, for you ;
 The jests are exceedingly spiteful,
 The stories not always *quite* true.
 Perhaps to be kind and veracious
 May do pretty well at Lausanne ;
 But it never would answer,—good gracious !
Chez nous—in a talented man.

He sneers,—how my Alice would scold him !—
 At the bliss of a sigh or a tear ;
 He laughed—only think !—when I told him
 How we cried o'er Trevelyan last year ;
 I vow I was quite in a passion ;
 I broke all the sticks of my fan ;
 But sentiment's quite out of fashion,
 It seems, in a talented man.

Lady Bab, who is terribly moral,
 Has told me that Tully is vain,
 And apt—which is silly—to quarrel,
 And fond—which is sad—of champagne.
 I listened, and doubted, dear Alice,
 For I saw, when my Lady began,
 It was only the Dowager's malice ;—
 She *does* hate a talented man !

He's hideous, I own it. But fame, love,
 Is all that these eyes can adore ;
 He's lame,—but Lord Byron was lame, love,
 And dumpy,—but so is Tom Moore.

Then his voice,—such a voice! my sweet creature,
 It's like your aunt Lucy's toucan :
 But oh! what's a tone or a feature,
 When once one's a talented man?

My mother, you know, all the season,
 Has talked of Sir Geoffrey's estate ;
 And truly, to do the fool reason,
 He *has* been less horrid of late.
 But to-day, when we drive in the carriage,
 I'll tell her to lay down her plan ;—
 If ever I venture on marriage,
 It must be a talented man!

P.S.—I have found, on reflection,
 One fault in my friend,—*entre nous* ;
 Without it, he'd just be perfection ;—
 Poor fellow, he has not a *sou*!
 And so, when he comes in September
 To shoot with my uncle, Sir Dan,
 I've promised mamma to remember
 He's *only* a talented man!

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

THE DASHING YOUNG FELLOW.

 O Pygwyggyne is going to marry—
 What a number of hearts it will vex!
 In fact it will quite play old Harry
 With the feelings of half the fair sex.
 I believe he's of kin to a Duke,
 Or a Marquis, or else to an Earl,
 And I know he's a dashing young fellow,
 And she's a most fortunate girl!

Yes, indeed, he's a dashing young fellow—
A three-bottle man, as they say;
And he's always good-natured when mellow,
As long as he gets his own way.
Cards, billiards, and hazard he'll play,—
His whiskers most charmingly curl,—
In short, he's a dashing young fellow,
And she's a most fortunate girl!

His horse he can sit like a centaur,
He rides like a trump to the hounds;
His tailor he owes, I may venture
To say, ten or twelve hundred pounds.
His bills and his bets have no bounds,
He can fence, box, row, steer, reef, and furl,—
Oh ! by Jove ! he's a dashing young fellow,
And she's a most fortunate girl!

Though to business he never attended,
His great talents for it appear,—
For he lives in a style that is splendid,
On an income of — nothing a year.
Now his bride's handsome fortune will clear
(For the present) his credit from peril—
In fact, he's a dashing young fellow,
And she's a most fortunate girl!

He keeps dogs and guns in large forces,
A tiger (a comical elf),
And seven or eight tall Irish horses,
Which he loves more than aught save himself.
That he marries the lady for pelf
Sure none can suspect but a churl—
For you know he's a dashing young fellow,
And she's a most fortunate girl !

At the pistol to none he'll surrender,
 As witness his deeds at Chalk Farm ;
 Yet his heart as a dove's is as tender,
 For to every fair face it can warm.
 I would not the ladies alarm,
 But you know good advice is a pearl—
 Don't marry a dashing young fellow,
 If you are a sensible girl !

WILLIAM MACQUORN RANKINE.

THE HANDSOMEST MAN IN THE ROOM.

 'VE always been told that I'm pretty
 (And really I think so myself),
 I'm accomplished, good-tempered, and
 witty,
 And papa has got plenty of pelf.
 My teeth, eyes, and curls, I won't mention,
 My shape, nor my delicate bloom ;
 But I'm sure I deserve the attention
 Of "the handsomest man in the room,"
 Yes, I know I deserve the attention,
 Of "the handsomest man in the room."

When I met that sublimest of fellows,
 The sight really made my heart jump ;
 Other men shrank to mere punchinellos,
 As he towered like a pine in a clump.
 So noble and classic each feature,
 With a touching expression of gloom,
 That I said to myself—"The dear creature !"
 He's the handsomest man in the room !"
 "Yes !" I said to myself,—"The dear creature !"
 He's the handsomest man in the room !"

He asked me if I'd walk a measure,
(When he came it was nearly midnight)—
I said—"With a great deal of pleasure,"
For he danced like a perfect delight.
So in waltzing and polking we sported,
Till supper sent forth its perfume,
And I went down to table, escorted
By "the handsomest man in the room"—
Yes, I went down to table, escorted
By "the handsomest man in the room."

I thought 'twas a nice situation,
So snugly together we sat,
And in hopes of a pleasant flirtation,
I tried to engage him in chat.
But, to talk of himself never backward,
He strove modest airs to assume,
For he told me, he felt very awkward
As "the handsomest man in the room"—
Really, really, one *does* feel so awkward,
As "the handsomest man in the room!"

Thought I—"This is really too stupid!
Your good looks are very well known,
But you ought to know, Grenadier Cupid,
That I'd much rather hear of *my own*."
Yet should he reform in this one thing
(Of which there are hopes, I presume),
We still may contrive to make something
Of the handsomest man in the room,
Yes, we still may contrive to make something
Of the handsomest man in the room.

WILLIAM MACQUORN RANKINE.

ANTICIPATION.

 H yes ! he is in Parliament ;
 ' He's been returning thanks ;
 You can't conceive the time he's spent
 Already on his franks.
 He'll think of nothing, night and day,
 But place, and the Gazette : "—
 No matter what the people say,—
 You won't believe them yet.

"He fill'd an album, long ago,
 With such delicious rhymes ;
 Now we shall only see, you know,
 His speeches in the 'Times ;'
 And liquid tone, and beaming brow,
 Bright eyes and locks of jet,
 He'll care for no such nonsense now : "—
 Oh ! don't believe them yet !

"I vow he's turned a Goth, a Hun,
 By that disgusting Bill ;
 He'll never make another pun ;
 He's danced his last quadrille.
 We shall not see him flirt again
 With any fair coquette ;
 He'll never laugh at Drury Lane : "—
 Psha !—don't believe them yet.

"Last week I heard his uncle boast
 He's sure to have the seals ;
 I read it in the 'Morning Post'
 That he has dined at Peel's ;

You'll never see him any more,
 He's in a different set ;
 He cannot eat at half-past four : ”—
 No?—don't believe them yet.

“ In short, he'll soon be false and cold,
 And infinitely wise ;
 He'll grow next year extremely old,
 He'll tell enormous lies ;
 He'll learn to flatter and forsake,
 To feign and to forget : ”—
 O whisper—or my heart will break—
 You won't believe them yet !

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

A NICE CORRESPONDENT !

 HE glow and the glory are plighted
 To darkness, for evening is come ;
 The lamp in Glebe Cottage is lighted,
 The birds and the sheep-bells are
 dumb.

I'm alone in my casement, for *Pappy*
 Is summon'd to dinner at Kew :
 I'm alone, dearest Fred, but I'm happy—
 I'm thinking of you !

I wish you were here ! Were I duller
 Than dull, you'd be dearer than dear ;
 I am drest in your favourite colour—
 Dear Fred, how I wish you were here !
 I am wearing my lazuli necklace,
 The necklace you fasten'd askew !
 Was there ever so rude and so reckless
 A darling as you ?

I want you to come and pass sentence
 On two or three books with a plot ;
 Of course you know "Janet's Repentance" ?
 I'm reading Sir *Waverley* Scott,
 The story of Edgar and Lucy,
 How thrilling, romantic, and true !
 The Master (his bride was a *goosey* !
 Reminds me of you.

They tell me Cockaigne has been crowning
 A Poet whose garland endures ;
 It was you who first spouted me Browning,—
 That stupid old Browning of yours !
 His vogue and his verve are alarming,
 I'm anxious to give him his due,
 But, Fred, he's not nearly so charming
 A poet as you !

I heard how you shot at The Beeches,
 I saw how you rode *Chanticleer*,
 I have read the report of your speeches,
 And echo'd the echoing cheer.
 There's a whisper of hearts you are breaking,
 Dear Fred, I believe it, I do !—
 Small marvel that Fashion is making
 Her idol of you !

Alas for the world, and its dearly
 Bought triumph, its fugitive bliss ;
 Sometimes I half wish I was merely
 A plain or a penniless miss ;
 But perhaps one is best with "a measure
 Of pelf," and I'm not sorry, too,
 That I'm pretty, because 'tis a pleasure,
 My darling, to you !

Your whim is for frolic and fashion,
 Your taste is for letters and art ;—
 This rhyme is the commonplace passion
 That glows in a fond woman's heart :
 Lay it by in a dainty deposit
 For relics—we all have a few !
 Love, some day they'll print it, because it
 Was written to you.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

EPITAPH ON A TUFT-HUNTER.

AMENT, lament, Sir Isaac Heard,
 Put mourning round thy page,
 Debrett,
 For here lies one, who ne'er preferr'd
 A Viscount to a Marquis yet.

Beside him place the God of Wit,
 Before him Beauty's rosiest girls,
 Apollo for a star he'd quit,
 And Love's own sister for an Earl's.

Did niggard fate no peers afford,
 He took, of course, to peer's relations ;
 And, rather than not sport a Lord,
 Put up with even the last creations.

Even Irish names, could he but tag 'em
 With "Lord" and "Duke," were sweet to call ;
 And, at a pinch, Lord Ballyraggum
 Was better than no Lord at all.

Heaven grant him now some noble nook,
 For, rest his soul ! he'd rather be
 Genteelly damn'd beside a Duke,
 Than sav'd in vulgar company.

THOMAS MOORE.

“WHY DON’T THE MEN PROPOSE?”

WHY don’t the men propose, mamma ?
 Why don’t the men propose ?
 Each seems just coming to the point,
 And then away he goes !

It is no fault of yours, mamma,
 That everybody knows ;
 You *fête* the finest men in town,
 Yet, oh, they won’t propose !

I’m sure I’ve done my best, mamma,
 To make a proper match ;

For coronets and eldest sons
 I’m ever on the watch :

I’ve hopes when some *distingué* beau
 A glance upon me throws ;

But though he’ll dance, and smile, and flirt,
 Alas, he won’t propose !

I’ve tried to win by languishing,
 And dressing like a blue ;

I’ve bought big books, and talk’d of them,
 As if I’d read them through !

With hair cropp’d like a man, I’ve felt
 The heads of all the beaux ;

But Spurzheim could not touch their hearts,
 And oh, they won’t propose !

I threw aside the books, and thought
 That ignorance was bliss ;

I felt convinced that men preferr’d
 A simple sort of Miss ;

And so I lisp’d out naught beyond
 Plain “yeses” or plain “noes,”

And wore a sweet unmeaning smile ;
 Yet, oh, they won’t propose !

Last night, at Lady Ramble's rout,
 I heard Sir Harry Gale
 Exclaim, "Now, I *propose* again —"
 I started, turning pale ;
 I really thought my time was come,
 I blush'd like any rose ;
 But, oh ! I found 'twas only at
Ecarté he'd *propose* !

And what is to be done, mamma ?
 Oh, what is to be done ?
 I really have no time to lose,
 For I am thirty-one :
 At balls, I am too often left
 Where spinsters sit in rows ;
 Why won't the men propose, mamma ?
 Why won't the men propose ?

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

"DON'T TALK OF SEPTEMBER."

DON'T talk of September ! A lady
 Must think it of all months the
 worst ;
 The men are preparing already
 To take themselves off on the First.
 I try to arrange a small party,
 The girls dance together ; how tame !
 I'd get up my game of *écarté*,
 But they go to bring down *their* game !

Last month, their attention to quicken,
 A supper I knew was the thing ;
 But now, from my turkey and chicken
 They're tempted by birds on the wing !

They shoulder their terrible rifles,
 (It's really too much for my nerves !)
 And slighting my sweets and my trifles,
 Prefer my Lord Harry's preserves !

Miss Lovemore, with great consternation,
 Now hears of the horrible plan,
 And fears that her little flirtation
 Was only a flash in the pan !
 Oh, marriage is hard of digestion,
 The men are all sparing of words ;
 And now, 'stead of popping the question,
 They set off to pop at the birds.

Go, false ones, your aim is so horrid,
 That love at the sight of you dies ;
 You care not for locks on the forehead,
 The *locks* made by Manton you prize !
 All thoughts sentimental exploding,
 Like *flints* I behold you depart ;
 You heed not, when priming and loading,
 The load you have left on my heart !

They talk about patent percussions,
 And all preparations for sport ;
 And those double-barrel discussions
 Exhaust double bottles of port !
 The dearest is deaf to my summons,
 As off on his pony he jogs ;
 A doleful condition is woman's ;
 The men are all *gone to the dogs*.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

“THE MEN ARE ALL CLUBBING
TOGETHER.”

HE men are all clubbing together,
Abandoning gentle pursuits ;
They revel with birds of a feather,
And dine in black neckcloths and
boots :

They've no party spirit about them,
(My parties are stupid concerns),
The ladies sit sulky without them,
Or dance with each other by turns.

Oh, where are the Dandies who flirted,
Who came of a morning to call ?
We females are so disconcerted,
I'd *fee* males to come to my ball !
'Twas flattery charm'd us,—no matter—
Paste often may pass for a gem ;
Alas ! we are duller and flatter
Than when we were flatter'd by them.

When family dinners we're giving,
They send an excuse,—there's the rub ;
Each gourmand, secure of good living,
Like Hercules, leans on his Club.
A hermit, though beauty invites him,
Alone at the Union he sits,
But what is the Fare that delights him,
Compar'd with the Fair that he quits ?

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

LOVE AT A ROUT.



HEN some mad bard sits down to muse
 About the lilies and the dews,
 The grassy vales and sloping lawns,
 Fairies and Satyrs, Nymphs and Fawns,
 He's apt to think, he's apt to swear,
 That Cupid reigns not anywhere
 Except in some sequestered village
 Where peasants live on truth and tillage,
 That none are fair enough for witches
 But maids who brisk through dells and ditches,
 That dreams are twice as sweet as dances,
 That cities never breed romances,
 That Beauty always keeps a cottage,
 And Purity grows pale on pottage.

Yes! those dear dreams are all divine ;
 And those dear dreams have all been mine.
 I like the stream, the rock, the bay,
 I like the smell of new-mown hay,
 I like the babbling of the brooks,
 I like the creaking of the crooks,
 I like the peaches, and the posies,—
 But chiefly, when the season closes,
 And often, in the month of fun,
 When every poacher cleans his gun,
 And Cockneys tell enormous lies,
 And stocks are pretty sure to rise,
 And e'en the Chancellor, they say,
 • Goes to a point the nearest way,
 I hurry from my drowsy desk
 To revel in the picturesque,
 To hear beneath those ancient trees
 The far-off murmur of the bees,

Or trace yon river's mazy channels
With Petrarch, and a brace of spaniels,
Combining foolish rhymes together,
And killing sorrow, and shoe-leather.

Then, as I see some rural maid
Come dancing up the sunny glade,
Coquetting with her fond adorer
Just as her mother did before her,
"Give me," I cry, "the quiet bliss
Of souls like these, of scenes like this ;
Where ladies eat and sleep in peace,
Where gallants never heard of Greece,
Where day is day, and night is night,
Where frocks—and morals—both are white ;
Blue eyes below—blue skies above—
These are the homes, the hearts, for Love !"

But this is idle ; I have been
A sojourner in many a scene,
And picked up wisdom in my way,
And cared not what I had to pay ;
Smiling and weeping all the while,
As other people weep and smile ;
And I have learnt that Love is not
Confined to any hour or spot ;
He lights the smile and fire's the frown
Alike in country and in town.
I own fair faces not more fair
In Ettrick than in Portman Square,
And silly danglers just as silly
In Sherwood, as in Piccadilly.
Soft tones are not the worse, no doubt,
For having harps to help them out ;
And smiles are not a ray more bright
By moonbeams, than by candlelight ;

I know much magic oft reposes
 On wreaths of artificial roses,
 And snowy necks,—I never found them
 Quite spoilt by having cameos round them.
 In short, I'm very sure that all
 Who seek or sigh for Beauty's thrall,
 May breathe their vows, and feed their passion,
 Though whist and waltzing keep in fashion,
 And make the most delicious sonnets,
 In spite of diamonds, and French bonnets !

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

ELEGY ON THE ABROGATION OF THE
 BIRTH-NIGHT BALL,
 AND THE CONSEQUENT FINAL SUBVERSION OF
 THE MINUET.

BY A BEAU OF THE LAST CENTURY.

NOW cease the exulting strain,
 And bid the warbling lyre complain ;
 Heave the soft sigh, and drop the
 tuneful tear,
 And mingle notes far other than of mirth,
 E'en with the song that greets the new-born year,
 Or hails the day that gave a monarch birth.
 That self-same sun, whose chariot wheels have
 roll'd
 Thro' many a circling year, with glorious toil,
 Up to the axles in resplendent gold,
 And gems, and silk, and crape, and flowers and
 foil ;
 That self-same Sun no longer dares
 Bequeath his honours to his heirs,

And bid the dancing hours supply
 As erst, with kindred pomp, his absence from the
 sky.

For ever at his lordly call
 Up rose the spangled Night !
 Leading, in gorgeous splendour bright,
 The Minuet and the Ball.
 And balls each frolic hour may bring,
 That revels through the maddening spring,
 Shaking with hurried steps the painted floor ;
 But Minuets are no more !

No more the well-taught feet shall tread
 The figure of the mazy Zed :
 The beau of other times shall mourn,
 As gone, and never to return,
 The graceful bow, the curts'y low,
 The floating forms, that undulating glide
 (Like anchor'd vessels on the swelling tide),
 That rise and sink, alternate, as they go,
 Now bent the knee, now lifted on the toe,
 The side-long step that works its even way,
 The slow *pas-grave*, and slower *balancé*—
 Still with fix'd gaze he eyes the imagin'd fair,
 And turns the corner with an easy air.
 Not so his partner—from her 'tangled train
 To free her captive foot, she strives in vain ;
 Her 'tangled train, the struggling captive holds
 (Like Great Atrides), in his fatal folds ;
 The laws of gallantry his aid demand,
 The laws of etiquette withhold his hand.
 Such pains, such pleasures, now alike are o'er,
 And beau and etiquette shall soon exist no more !

In their stead, behold advancing,
 Modern men and women dancing !

Step and dress alike express,
 Above, below, from head to toe,
 Male and female awkwardness.
 Without a hoop, without a ruffle,
 One eternal jig and shuffle ;
 Where's the air, and where's the gait ?
 Where's the feather in the hat ?
 Where's the frizz'd toupee ? and where,
 Oh, where's the powder for the hair ?
 Where are all their former graces ?
 And where three-quarters of their faces ?
 With half the forehead lost and half the chin,
 We know not where they end, or where begin.

Mark the pair, whom favouring fortune
 At the envy'd top shall place,
 Humbly they the rest importune,
 To vouchsafe a little space.

Not the graceful arm to wave in,
 Or the silken robe expand ;
 All superfluous action saving,
 Idly drops the lifeless hand.

Her downcast eyes the modest beauty
 Sends, as doubtful of their skill,
 To see if feet perform their duty,
 And their endless task fulfil :
 Footing, footing, footing, footing,
 Footing, footing, footing, still.

While the rest in hedge-row state,
 All insensible to sound,
 With more than human patience wait,
 Like trees fast rooted to the ground.

Not such as once with sprightly motion
 To distant music stirr'd their stumps,

And tript from Pelion to the Ocean,
Performing avenues and clumps :

What time old Jason's ship the Argo,
Orpheus fiddling at the helm,
From Colchis bore her golden cargo,
Dancing o'er the azure main.

But why recur to ancient story,
Or balls of modern date ?
Be mine to trace the Minuet's fate,
And weep its fallen glory :

To ask, Who rang the parting knell ?
If Vestris came the solemn dirge to hear ?
Genius of Valoüy, didst thou hover near ?
Shade of Lepicq ! and spirit of Gondel !

I saw their angry forms arise,
Where wreaths of smoke involve the skies
Above St. James's steeple :
I heard them curse our heavy heel,
The Irish step, the Highland reel,
And all the United People.
To the dense air the curse adhesive clung,
Repeated since by many a modish tongue,
In words that may be said, but never shall be sung,

What cause untimely urged the Minuet's fate ?
Did war subvert the manners of the State ?
Did savage nations give the barbarous law,
The Gaul Cisalpine, or the Gonoquaw ?
Its fall was destined to a peaceful land,
A sportive pencil, and a courtly hand ;
They left a name, that time itself might spare,
To grinding organs and the dancing bear.
On Avon's banks, where sport and laugh
Careless Pleasure's sons and daughters,

Where health the sick, and aged quaff,
 From good King Bladud's healing waters ;
 While genius sketched, and humour grouped,
 Then it sicken'd, then it droop'd ;
 Sadden'd with laughter, wasted with a sneer,
 And the long Minuet shorten'd its career.
 With cadence slow, and solemn pace,
 Th' indignant mourner quits the place—
 For ever quits--no more to roam
 From proud Augusta's regal dome.
 Ah ! not unhappy who securely rest
 Within the sacred precincts of a court ;
 Who, then, their timid steps shall dare arrest ?
 White wands shall guide them and gold sticks
 support.

In vain—these eyes, with tears of horror wet,
 Read its death-warrant in the *Court Gazette*.
 “No ball to-night !” Lord Chamberlain proclaims ;
 “No ball to-night shall grace thy roof, St. James !”
 “No ball !” The *Globe*, the *Sun*, the *Star* repeat,
 The morning paper and the evening sheet ;
 Through all the land the tragic news has spread,
 And all the land has mourn'd the Minuet dead.
 So power completes ; but satire sketch'd the plan,
 And Cecil ends what Bunbury began.

CATHERINE M. FANSHAWE.

THE BELLE OF THE BALL-ROOM.



EARS—years ago,—ere yet my dreams
 Had been of being wise or witty,—
 Ere I had done with writing themes,
 Or yawned o'er this infernal
 Chitty ;—

Years—years ago,—while all my joy . . .

Was in my fowling-piece and filly,—

In short, while I was yet a boy,

I fell in love with Laura Lily.

I saw her at the County Ball :

There, when the sounds of flute and fiddle

Gave signal sweet in that old hall

Of hands across and down the middle,

Hers was the subtlest spell by far

Of all that set young hearts romancing ;

She was our queen, our rose, our star ;

And then she danced—Oh Heaven, her dancing !

Dark was her hair, her hand was white ;

Her voice was exquisitely tender ;

Her eyes were full of liquid light ;

I never saw a waist so slender !

Her every look, her every smile

Shot right and left a score of arrows ;

I thought 'twas Venus from her isle,

And wondered where she'd left her sparrows.

She talked,—of politics or prayers,—

Of Southey's prose or Wordsworth's sonnets,—

Of danglers—or of dancing bears,

Of battles—or the last new bonnets,—

By candlelight, at twelve o'clock,

To me it mattered not a tittle ;

If those bright lips had quoted Locke,

I might have thought they murmured Little.

Through sunny May, through sultry June,

I loved her with a love eternal ;

I spoke her praises to the moon,

I wrote them to the Sunday Journal :

My mother laughed ; I soon found out
 That ancient ladies have no feeling.
 My father frowned ; but how should gout
 See any happiness in kneeling ?

She was the daughter of a Dean,
 Rich, fat, and rather apoplectic ;
 She had one brother, just thirteen,
 Whose colour was extremely hectic ;
 Her grandmother for many a year
 Had fed the parish with her bounty ;
 Her second cousin was a peer,
 And Lord Lieutenant of the County.

But titles, and the three per cents,
 And mortgages, and great relations,
 And Indian bonds, and tithes, and rents,
 Oh what are they to love's sensations ?
 Black eyes, fair forehead, clustering locks—
 Such wealth, such honours, Cupid chooses ;
 He cares as little for the Stocks
 As Baron Rothschild for the Muses.

She sketched ; the vale, the wood, the beach,
 Grew lovelier from her pencil's shading :
 She botanized ; I envied each
 Young blossom in her boudoir fading :
 She warbled Handel ; it was grand ;
 She made the Catalani jealous :
 She touched the organ ; I could stand
 For hours and hours to blow the bellows.

She kept an album, too, at home,
 Well filled with all an album's glories ;
 Paintings of butterflies, and Rome,
 Patterns for trimmings, Persian stories ;

Soft songs to Julia's cockatoo,
Fierce odes to famine and to slaughter,
And autographs of Prince Leboo,
And recipes for elder-water.

And she was flattered, worshipped, bored ;
Her steps were watched, her dress was noted ;
Her poodle dog was quite adored,
Her sayings were extremely quoted ;
She laughed, and every heart was glad,
As if the taxes were abolished ;
She frowned, and every look was sad,
As if the Opera were demolished.

She smiled on many, just for fun ;
I knew that there was nothing in it ;
I was the first—the only one
Her heart had thought of for a minute.
I knew it, for she told me so,
In phrase which was divinely moulded ;
She wrote a charming hand,—and oh !
How sweetly all her notes were folded !

Our love was like most other loves ;—
A little glow, a little shiver,
A rose-bud, and a pair of gloves,
And "Fly not yet"—upon the river ;
Some jealousy of some one's heir,
Some hopes of dying broken-hearted,
A miniature, a lock of hair,
The usual vows,—and then we parted.

We parted ; months and years rolled by ;
We met again four summers after :
Our parting was all sob and sigh ;
Our meeting was all mirth and laughter :

For in my heart's most secret cell
 There had been many other lodgers ;
 And she was not the ball-room's Belle,
 But only—Mrs. Something Rogers !

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

MY PARTNER.

T Cheltenham, where one drinks one's fill
 Of folly and cold water,
 I danced last year my first quadrille
 With old Sir Geoffrey's daughter.

Her cheek with summer's rose might vie,
 When summer's rose is newest ;
 Her eyes were blue as autumn's sky,
 When autumn's sky is bluest ;
 And well my heart might deem her one
 Of life's most precious flowers,
 For half her thoughts were of its sun,
 And half were of its showers.

I spoke of novels :—“ Vivian Grey ”
 Was positively charming,
 And “ Almack's ” infinitely gay,
 And “ Frankenstein ” alarming ;
 I said “ De Vere ” was chastely told,
 Thought well of “ Herbert Lacy,”
 Called Mr. Banim's sketches “ bold,”
 And Lady Morgan's “ racy ; ”
 I vowed that last new thing of Hook's
 Was vastly entertaining :
 And Laura said—“ I doat on books,
 Because it's always raining ! ”

I talked of music's gorgeous fane ;
I raved about Rossini,
Hoped Ronzi would come back again,
And criticized Pacini ;
I wished the chorus-singers dumb,
The trumpets more pacific,
And eulogized Brocard's *aplomb*,
And voted Paul "terrific!"
What cared she for Medea's pride,
Or Desdemona's sorrow ?
"Alas !" my beauteous listener sighed,
"We must have rain to-morrow!"

I told her tales of other lands :
Of ever-boiling fountains,
Of poisonous lakes and barren sands,
Vast forests, trackless mountains :
I painted bright Italian skies,
I lauded Persian roses,
Coined similes for Spanish eyes,
And jests for Indian noses :
I laughed at Lisbon's love of mass,
Vienna's dread of treason :
And Laura asked me—where the glass
Stood, at Madrid, last season.

I broached whate'er had gone its rounds,
The week before, of scandal ;
What made Sir Lake lay down his hounds,
And Jane take up her Handel ;
Why Julia walked upon the heath
With the pale moon above her ;
Where Flora lost her false front teeth,
And Anne her falser lover ;
How Lord de B. and Mrs. L.
Had crossed the sea together :

My shuddering partner cried “*O Ciel!*
How *could* they,—in such weather?”

Was she a Blue?—I put my trust
In strata, petals, gases;
A boudoir-pedant? I discussed
The toga and the fasces;
A Cockney-Muse? I mouthed a deal
Of folly from Endymion;
A saint? I praised the pious zeal
Of Messrs. Way and Simeon;
A politician?—it was vain
To quote the morning paper;
The horrid phantoms came again,
Rain, Hail, and Snow, and Vapour.

Flat flattery was my only chance:
I acted deep devotion,
Found magic in her every glance,
Grace in her every motion;
I wasted all a stripling’s lore,
Prayer, passion, folly, feeling,
And wildly looked upon the floor,
And wildly on the ceiling;
I envied gloves upon her arm
And shawls upon her shoulder;
And, when my worship was most warm,—
She—“never found it colder.”

I don’t object to wealth or land,
And she will have the giving
Of an extremely pretty hand,
Some thousands, and a living.
She makes silk purses, broiders stools,
Sings sweetly, dances finely,
Paints screens, subscribes to Sunday-schools,
And sits a horse divinely.

But to be linked for life to her!—

The desperate man who tried it
Might marry a Barometer,

And hang himself beside it!

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

OUR BALL.

OU'LL come to our Ball;—since we
parted
I've thought of you more than I'll
say;
Indeed, I was half broken-hearted
For a week, when they took you away.
Fond fancy brought back to my slumbers,
Our walks on the Ness and the Den,
And echoed the musical numbers
Which you used to sing to me then.
I know the romance, since its over,
'Twere idle, or worse, to recall;
I know you're a terrible rover,
But, Clarence, you'll come to our Ball!

It's only a year, since, at college,
You put on your cap and your gown;
But, Clarence, you're grown out of knowledge,
And changed from the spur to the crown:
The voice that was best when it faltered
Is fuller and firmer in tone,
And the smile that should never have altered—
Dear Clarence—it is not your own:
Your cravat was badly selected,
Your coat don't become you at all;
And why is your hair so neglected?
You must have it curled for our Ball.

I've often been out upon Haldon,
 To look for a covey with pup ;
 I've often been over to Shaldon,
 To see how your boat is laid up :
 In spite of the terrors of Aunty,
 I've ridden the filly you broke ;
 And I've studied your sweet little Dante
 In the shade of your favourite oak :
 When I sat in July to Sir Lawrence,
 I sat in your love of a shawl ;
 And I'll wear what you brought me from Florence,
 Perhaps, if you'll come to our Ball.

You'll find us all changed since you vanished,
 We've set up a National School ;
 And waltzing is utterly banished,
 And Ellen has married a fool ;
 The Major is going to travel,
 Miss Hyacinth threatens a rout,
 The walk is laid down with fresh gravel,
 Papa is laid up with the gout ;
 And Jane has gone on with her easels,
 And Anne has gone off with Sir Paul ;
 And Fanny is sick with the measles,—
 And I'll tell you the rest at the Ball.

You'll meet all your Beauties ; the Lily,
 And the Fairy of Willow-brook Farm ;
 And Lucy, who made me so silly
 At Dawlish, by taking your arm ;
 Miss Manners, who always abused you
 For talking so much about Hock,
 And her sister, who often amused you
 By raving of rebels and Rock ;
 And something which surely would answer,
 An heiress quite fresh from Bengal ;

So, though you were seldom a dancer,
You'll dance, just for once, at our Ball.

But out on the World ! from the flowers
It shuts out the sunshine of truth :
It blights the green leaves in the bowers,
It makes an old age of our youth ;
And the glow of our feeling, once in it,
Like a streamlet beginning to freeze,
Though it cannot turn ice in a minute,
Grows harder by sudden degrees :
Time treads o'er the graves of affection ;
Sweet honey is turned into gall ;
Perhaps you have no recollection
That ever you danced at our Ball !

You once could be pleased with our ballads,—
To-day you have critical ears ;
You once could be charmed with our salads—
Alas ! you've been dining with Peers ;
You trifled and flirted with many,—
You've forgotten the when and the how ;
There was one you liked better than any—
Perhaps you've forgotten her now.
But of those you remember most newly,
Of those who delight or enthrall,
None love you a quarter so truly
As some you will find at our Ball.

They tell me you've many who flatter,
Because of your wit and your song ;
They tell me—and what does it matter ?—
You like to be praised by the throng.
They tell me you're shadowed with laurel ;
They tell me you're loved by a Blue ;
They tell me you're sadly immoral—
Dear Clarence, that cannot be true !

But to me you are still what I found you,
 Before you grew clever and tall ;
 And you'll think of the spell that once bound you,
 And you'll come—won't you come?—to our Ball!

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

THE FANCY BALL.

OU used to talk," said Miss MacCall,
 " Of flowers, and flames, and Cupid;
 But now you never talk at all ;
 You're getting vastly stupid :
 You'd better burn your Blackstone, sir,
 You never will get through it ;
 There's a Fancy Ball at Winchester,—
 Do let us take you to it ! "

I made that night a solemn vow
 To startle all beholders ;
 I wore white muslin on my brow,
 Green velvet on my shoulders ;
 My trousers were supremely wide,
 I learnt to swear " by Allah ! "
 I stuck a poniard by my side,
 And called myself " Abdallah."

Oh, a fancy ball's a strange affair !
 Made up of silks and leathers,
 Light heads, light heels, false hearts, false hair,
 Pins, paint, and ostrich feathers :
 The dullest duke in all the town
 To-day may shine a droll one ;
 And rakes who have not half-a-crown
 Look royal in a whole one.

Go, call the lawyer from his pleas,
The schoolboy from his Latin ;
Be stoicks here in ecstasies,
And savages in satin ;
Let young and old forego—forget
Their labour and their sorrow,
And none—except the Cabinet—
Take counsel for the morrow.

Begone, dull care ! This life of ours
Is very dark and chilly ;
We'll sleep through all its serious hours,
And laugh through all its silly.
Be mine such motley scene as this,
Where, by established usance,
Miss Gravity is quite amiss,
And Madam Sense a nuisance !

Hail, blest Confusion ! here are met
All tongues, and times, and faces,
The Lancers flirt with Juliet,
The Brahmin talks of races ;
And where's your genius, bright Corinne ?
And where's your brogue, Sir Lucius ?
And Chinca Ti, you have not seen
One chapter of Confucius.

Lo ! dandies from Kamschatka flirt
With beauties from the Wrekin ;
And belles from Berne look very pert
On Mandarins from Pekin ;
The Cardinal is here from Rome,
The Commandant from Seville ;
And Hamlet's father from the tomb,
And Faustus from the Devil.

O sweet Anne Page !—those dancing eyes
 Have peril in their splendour ;
 “O sweet Anne Page !”—so Slender sighs,
 And what am I, but slender ?
 Alas ! when next your spells engage
 So fond and starved a sinner,
 My pretty Page, be Shakespeare’s Page,
 And ask the fool to dinner !

What mean those laughing Nuns, I pray,
 What mean they, nun or fairy ?
 I guess they told no beads to-day,
 And sang no Ave Mary :
 From mass and matins, priest and pix,
 Barred door, and window grated,
 I wish all pretty Catholics
 Were thus emancipated !

Four Seasons come to dance quadrilles
 With four well-seasoned sailors ;
 And Raleigh talks of railroad bills,
 With Timon, prince of railers ;
 I find Sir Charles of Aubyn Park
 Equipt for a walk to Mecca ;
 And I run away from Joan of Arc
 To romp with sad Rebecca.

Fair Cleopatra’s very plain ;
 Puck halts, and Ariel swaggers ;
 And Cæsar’s murdered o’er again,
 Though not by Roman daggers :
 Great Charlemagne is four feet high ;
 Sad stuff has Bacon spoken ;
 Queen Mary’s waist is all awry,
 And Psyche’s nose is broken.

Our happiest bride—how very odd !—
 Is the mourning Isabella ;
 And the heaviest foot that ever trod
 Is the foot of Cinderella ;
 Here sad Calista laughs outright,
 There Yorick looks most grave, sir,
 And a Templar waves the cross to-night
 Who never crossed the wave, sir !

And what a Babel is the talk :—

“ The Giraffe ”—“ plays the fiddle ”—
 “ Macadam’s roads ”—“ I hate this chalk ! ”
 “ Sweet girl ”—“ a charming riddle ”—
 “ I’m nearly drunk with ”—“ Epsom salts ”—
 “ Yes, separate beds ”—“ such cronies ! ”—
 “ Good heaven ! who taught that man to waltz ? ”—
 “ A pair of Shetland ponies.”

“ Lord Nugent ”—“ an enchanting shape ”—
 “ Will move for ”—“ Maraschino ”—
 “ Pray, Julia, how’s your mother’s ape ? ”—
 “ He died at Navarino ! ”
 “ The gout, by Jove, is ”—“ apple pie ”—
 “ Don Miguel ”—“ Tom the tinker ”—
 “ His Lordship’s pedigree’s as high
 As ”—“ Whipcord, dam by Clinker.”

“ Love’s shafts are weak ”—“ my chestnut kicks ”—
 “ Heart broken ”—“ broke the traces ”—
 “ What say you now of politics ? ”—
 “ Change sides and to your places.”—
 “ A five-barred gate ”—“ a precious pearl ”—
 “ Grave things may all be punned on ! ”—
 “ The Whigs, thank Heaven ! are ”—“ out of
 curl ! ”—
 “ Her age is ”—“ four by London ! ”

Thus run the giddy hours away,
 Till morning's light is beaming,
 And we must go to dream by day
 All we to-night are dreaming,—
 To smile and sigh, to love and change :
 Oh, in our heart's recesses,
 We dress in fancies quite as strange
 As these our fancy dresses !

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

GOOD NIGHT.

OOD night to thee, Lady ! Though many
 Have join'd in the dance of to-night,
 Thy form was the fairest of any,
 Where all was seducing and bright ;
 Thy smile was the softest and dearest,
 Thy form the most sylph-like of all,
 And thy voice the most gladsome and clearest
 That e'er held a partner in thrall.

Good night to thee, Lady ! 'tis over—
 The waltz, the quadrille, and the song—
 The whisper'd farewell of the lover,
 The heartless adieu of the throng ;
 The heart that was throbbing with pleasure,
 The eyelid that long'd for repose—
 The beaux that were dreaming of treasure,
 The girls that were dreaming of beaux.

'Tis over—the lights are all dying,
 The coaches all driving away ;
 And many a fair one is sighing,
 And many a false one is gay ;

And beauty counts over her numbers
Of conquests, as homeward she drives—
And some are gone home to their slumbers,
And some are gone home to their wives.

And I while my cab in the shower
Is waiting, the last at the door,
Am looking all round for the flower
That fell from your wreath on the floor.
I'll keep it—if but to remind me,
Though wither'd and faded its hue—
Wherever next season may find me—
Of England—of Almack's—and you !

There are tones that will haunt us, though lonely
Our path be o'er mountain or sea ;
There are looks that will part from us only
When memory ceases to be ;
There are hopes which our burthen can lighten,
Tho' toilsome and steep be the way ;
And dreams that, like moonlight, can brighten
With a light that is clearer than day.

There are names that we cherish, tho' nameless,
For aye on the lip they may be ;
There are hearts that, tho' fetter'd, are tameless,
And thoughts unexpress'd, but still free !
And some are too grave for a rover,
And some for a husband too light,—
The Ball and my dream are all over—
Good-night to thee, Lady, Good-night !

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

“ YES; I WRITE VERSES NOW AND
THEN.”



ES; I write verses now and then,
But blunt and flaccid is my pen,
No longer talkt of by young men
As rather clever:

In their last quarter are my eyes,
You see it by their form and size;
Is it not time then to be wise?
Or now, or never.

Fairest that ever sprang from Eve!
While Time allows the short reprieve,
Just look at me! Would you believe
'Twas once a lover?

I cannot clear the five-bar gate,
But, trying first its timber's state,
Climb stiffly up, take breath, and wait
To trundle over.

Thro' gallopade I cannot swing
The entangling blooms of Beauty's spring:
I cannot say the tender thing,
Be't true or false,

And am beginning to opine
Those girls are only half-divine
Whose waists you wicked boys entwine
In giddy waltz.

I fear that arm above that shoulder,
I wish them wiser, graver, older,
Sedater, and no harm if colder
And panting less.

Ah ! people were not half so wild
 In former days, when, starchly mild,
 Upon her high-heel'd Essex smiled
 The brave Queen Bess.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

TU QUOQUE.

AN IDYLL IN THE CONSERVATORY.

NELLIE.

 If I were you, when ladies at the play,
 sir,
 Beckon and nod, a melodrama
 through,
 I would not turn abstractedly away, sir,
 If I were you !

FRANK.

If I were you, when persons I affected,
 Wait for three hours to take me down to Kew,
 I would, at least, pretend I recollect'd,
 If I were you !

NELLIE.

If I were you, when ladies are so lavish,
 Sir, as to keep me every waltz but two,
 I would not dance with *odious* Miss M' Tavish,
 If I were you !

FRANK.

If I were you, who vow you cannot suffer
 Whiff of the best,—the mildest "honey-dew,"
 I would not dance with smoke-consuming Puffer,
 If I were you !

NELLIE.

If I were you, I would not, sir, be bitter,
 Even to write the "Cynical Review;"

FRANK.

No, I should doubtless find flirtation fitter,
If I were you !

NELLIE.

Really ! you would ? Why, Frank, you're quite
delightful,—

Hot as Othello, and as black of hue ;
Borrow my fan. I would not look so *frightful*,
If I were you !

FRANK.

“It is the cause.” I mean your chaperon is
Bringing some well-curled juvenile. Adieu !
I shall retire. I’d spare that poor Adonis,
If I were you !

NELLIE.

Go, if you will. At once ! And by express, sir !
Where shall it be ? To China—or Peru ?
Go. I should leave inquirers my address, sir,
If I were you !

FRANK.

No,—I remain. To stay and fight a duel
Seems, on the whole, the proper thing to do—
Ah ! you are strong,—I would not then be cruel,
If I were you !

NELLIE.

One does not like one’s feelings to be doubted,—

FRANK.

One does not like one’s friends to misconstrue,—

NELLIE.

If I confess that I a wee-bit pouted ?—

FRANK.

I should admit that I was *piqué*, too.

NELLIE.

Ask me to dance. I'd say no more about it,
If I were you!(Waltz—*Exeunt.*)

AUSTIN DOBSON.

“LE ROMAN DE LA ROSE.”

DOOR Rose ! I lift you from the street,—
Far better I should own you
Than you should lie for random feet
Where careless hands have thrown
you.

Poor pinky petals, crushed and torn !
Did heartless Mayfair use you,
Then cast you forth to lie forlorn,
For chariot-wheels to bruise you ?

I saw you last in Edith's hair,
Rose, you would scarce discover
That I she passed upon the stair
Was Edith's favoured lover,

A month—“ a little month ”—ago—
O theme for moral writer !—
Twixt you and me, my Rose, you know,
She might have been politer ;

But let that pass. She gave you then—
Behind the oleander—
To one, perhaps, of all the men—
Who best could understand her,—

Cyril, that, duly flattered, took,
 As only Cyril's able,
 With just the same Arcadian look
 He used, last night, for Mabel;

Then, having waltzed till every star
 Had paled away in morning,
 Lit up his cynical cigar,
 And tossed you downward, scorning.

Kismet, my Rose! Revenge is sweet,—
 She made my heart-strings quiver;
 And yet—You shan't lie in the street;
 I'll drop you in the River.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

A. B. C.



A is an Angel of blushing eighteen:
 B is the Ball where the angel was
 seen:
 C is her Chaperon, who cheated at
 cards:
 D is the Deuxtemp, with Frank of the Guards:
 E is her Eye, killing slowly but surely:
 F is the Fan, whence it peeped so demurely:
 G is the Glove of superlative kid:
 H is the Hand which it spitefully hid:
 I is the Ice which the fair one demanded:
 J is the Juvenile, that dainty who handed:
 K is the Kerchief, a rare work of art:
 L is the Lace which composed the chief part:
 M is the old Maid who watched the chits dance:
 N is the Nose she turned up at each glance:
 O is the Olga (just then in its prime):
 P is the Partner who wouldn't keep time:

Q's a Quadrille, put instead of the Lancers :
 R the Remonstrances made by the dancers :
 S is the Supper, where all went in pairs :
 T is the Twaddle they talked on the stairs :
 U is the Uncle who "thought we'd be goin'" :
 V is the Voice which his niece replied "No" in :
 W is the Waiter, who sat up till eight :
 X is his Exit, not rigidly straight :
 Y is a Yawning fit caused by the Ball :
 Z stands for Zero, or nothing at all.

CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY.

AGED FORTY.


 O *Times* ! no book !—and I must wait
 A full half-hour ere Doldrum comes !
 Brown would find pictures in the grate,
 Jones watch the twirling of his
 thumbs ;
 Both noble aims ; but, after all,
 E'en such delights are apt to pall.
 Confound the stupid place !
 What shall I do the time to pass ?
 I'll give five minutes to the glass,
 And contemplate my face.

My face ! Is this long strip of skin,
 Which bears of worry many a trace,
 Of sallow hue, of features thin,
 This mass of seams and lines, my face ?
 The aspect's bad, the glass is wrong,
 Some cheating ray must fall along
 The surface of the plate !
 I've known myself now forty year,
 Yet never saw myself appear
 In such a sorry state.

I'll speak to Doldrum—wait awhile !

Let's think a little while before deciding.

Of late I've noticed Nelly's smile

Has been less kind and more deriding.

Can I be growing old ? Can youth

Have said farewell ? The simple truth

I'll have, no doubt concealing ;

Straightway I'll put my heart to school,

And though I find I've played the fool,

I'll speak out every feeling.

When introduced to Minnie Blair

Last night on waltzing purpose bent,

I saw that rosebud smile and stare,

Half pity, half astonishment.

“Engaged,” she murmured as I bowed ;

But ere I mingled with the crowd,

I caught her muttered word—

“I waltz with *him* ! How can Grace bring
Me such a pompous stout old thing ?

She's really too absurd ! ”

A “stout old thing ! ” Oh, Lucy, love,

Ten long years resting in the grave,

Whose simply-sculptured tomb above

The feathery-tufted grasses wave—

Couldst thou bear such a term applied

To him who won thee for his bride,

Whose heart for thee nigh's broke ?

Round whose slim neck thine arm would
twine,

As round the elm the eglantine,

Or ivy round the oak.

’Twas but last week, in Truefitt's shop,

A man with aspect grave and calm,

Said I was “thinning at the top,”

And recommended some-one's Balm !

What "balm of Gilead" could recall
 The mother's touch that used to fall
 Upon my childish brow ?
 That soft sweet hand that used to toy
 With thick curl clusters of her boy—
 Where is that mother now ?

Gone is my hack, my gallant roan,
 Too hot for use. I've in his place
 A cob "well up to fourteen stone,"
 Of ambling gait and easy pace.
 The arm that stopped the Slasher's blow,
 Or clave Rhine's flood, hangs listless now,
 No grist to any "mill."
 The legs so stalwart and so strong
 Which, all unfaltering, climbed Mont Blanc,
 Now ache at Primrose Hill.

My heart ! my what ?—ten years have passed;
 Ten dreary years of London life
 And worldly selfishness, since last
 My heart was quickened in Love's strife :
 A look would make my pulses dance ;
 How swift would dim my bright eye's glance
 When Grief turned on her main !
 Naught makes my eyes now brightly glow
 Save Mümm's Moselle, or Clos Vaugeot,
 Or Veuve Clicquot's champagne.

Yet I have known—ay, I have known,
 If e'er 'twere given to mortal here,
 The pleasure of the lowered tone,
 The whisper in the trellised ear ;
 The furtive touch of tiny feet,
 The heart's wild effervescent beat,

The maddened pulse's play :
 Those hearts are now all still and cold,
 Those feet are 'neath the churchyard mould,
 And I—have had my day !

What ! quiv'ring lips and eyelids wet
 At recollection of the dead !
 No well-bred man should show regret
 Though youth, though love, though hope be
 fled !
 Ha ! Doldrum, man, come back ! What
 news ?
 So Frank's gazetted to the Blues !
 And Jack's got his divorce.
 I'll toddle down towards the club ;
 A cutlet—then our usual " rub "—
 You'll join us there, of course !

EDMUND YATES.

THE ROMANCE OF A GLOVE.

ERE on my desk it lies,
 Here as the daylight dies,
 One small glove, just her size—
 Six and a quarter ;
 Pearl-grey, a colour neat,
Deux boutons all complete,
 Faint-scented, soft, and sweet ;
 Could glove be smarter ?

Can I the day forget,
 Years ago, when the pet
 Gave it me ?—where we met
 Still I remember ;

Then 'twas the summer time;
Now as I write this rhyme
Children love pantomime—
'Tis in December.

Fancy my boyish bliss
Then when she gave me this,
And how the frequent kiss
 Crumpled its fingers;
Then she was fair and kind,
Now when I've changed my mind,
Still some scent undefined
 On the glove lingers.

Though she's a matron sage,
Yet I have kept the gage;
While, as I pen this page,
 Still comes a goddess,
Her eldest daughter, fair,
With the same eyes and hair:
Happy the arm, I swear,
 That clasps her bodice.

Heaven grant her fate be bright,
And her step ever light
As it will be to-night,
 First in the dances.
Why did her mother prove
False when I dared to love?
Zounds! I shall burn the glove!
 This my romance is.

H. SAVILE CLARKE.

THE BEST OF THE BALL.

T last ! O, sensation delicious !
At last, it is here, it is here !
That moment supremely auspicious
In the jolliest ball of the year.

It is all as I dreamt it would happen—
The rooms grown oppressive with heat,
And my darling, alarm'd with the crowding,
Suggesting a timely retreat.

“ Not there ; not among the exotics ;
I faint with that fragrance of theirs.
Let us go—it will be so refreshing—
And find out a seat on the stairs.”

How dear are the lips that could utter
Such exquisite music as this !
How I listen'd, my heart all a-flutter,
Assenting, transported with bliss !

All the house with the dancers is throbbing,
The music seems born of the air :
O, joy of all joy the extremest,
To sit, as I sit, on a stair !

To sit, and to gaze on my darling,
Enraptured in thrilling delight,
As I think, “ Never face could be fairer,
Nor eyes half so tenderly bright.”

It is all as I knew it would happen,
Yet, no ; there is something I miss—
The eloquent words I intended
To speak in a moment like this.

They were tender, and soft, and poetic,
 And I thought, "As I timidly speak,
 She will smile, and a blush sympathetic
 Will crimson the rose in her cheek."

And now that we sit here together,
 I only—do all that I can—
 Converse on the ball and the weather,
 While she opens and closes her fan.

What I thought to have said seems audacious,
 Her ear it would surely offend ;
 She would turn from me, no longer gracious,
 And frown my delight to an end.

Far better to talk of the weather,
 Or ponder in rapture supreme :
 'Tis so joyous to sit here together,
 So pleasant to wake and to dream !

Contented, long hours we could measure,
 Forgetting, forgotten by all ;
 Nor envy the dancers their pleasure,
 For ours is the best of the ball.

WILLIAM SAWYER.

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

MY coachman, in the moonlight there,
 Looks through the side-light of the
 door ;
 I hear him with his brethren swear,
 As I could do,—but only more.

Flattening his nose against the pane,
 He envies me my brilliant lot,
 Breathes on his aching fist in vain,
 And dooms me to a place more hot.

He sees me into supper go,
 A silken wonder by my side,
 Bare arms, bare shoulders, and a row
 Of flounces, for the door too wide.

He thinks how happy is my arm,
 'Neath its white-gloved and jewelled load ;
 And wishes me some dreadful harm,
 Hearing the merry corks explode.

Meanwhile I only curse the bore
 Of hunting still the same old coon,
 And envy him, outside the door,
 The golden quiet of the moon.

The winter wind is not so cold
 As the bright smile he sees me win,
 Nor the host's oldest wine so old
 As our poor gabble, sour and thin.

I envy him the rugged prance
 By which his freezing feet he warms,
 And drag my lady's chains, and dance,
 The galley-slave of dreary forms.

Oh could he have my share of din,
 And I his quiet !—past a doubt
 'Twould still be one man bored within,
 And just another bored without.

J. RUSSELL LOWELL.

AT THE OPERA—“FAUST.”

TIS the Gretchen’s piteous story
 That I hear, yet do not hear,
 And its wailing, warning accents
 That awake nor awe nor fear,
 For I move in a dream Elysian,
 I have only ear and sight
 For a voice that sweetens music,
 And a face that brightens light.

It came with the curtain’s rising,
 That face of a faultless mould,
 And the amber drapery glistened
 With the lustre of woven gold.
 I could hear a silken rustle,
 And the air had fragrant grown,
 But the scene from my sight had faded,
 And I looked on that face alone.

In the midst of the grand exotics
 That blossom the season through,
 It is there, a rose of the garden,
 Fresh from the winds and the dew ;—
 Fresh as a face that follows
 The hounds up a rising hill,
 With hair blown back by the breezes
 That seem to live in it still.

So fresh, and rosy, and dimpled—
 But, oh ! what a soul there lies,
 Melting to liquid agate
 Those womanly tender eyes !

How it quickens under the music
 As if at a breath divine,
 And the ripening lips disparted,
 Drink in the sound like wine !

Passionate sense of enjoyment,
 Absolute lull of delight—
 They are hers as the sorrowful story
 Awakens her heart to-night ;
 And those strains deliciously tender
 Hold her in mute suspense,
 Delighting each quick perception,
 Regaling each subtle sense.

And she in her virginal beauty—
 As pure as a pictured saint—
 How should this sinning and sorrow
 Have for her danger or taint ?
 What guesses the rosebud, glowing
 In light, and odour, and dew,
 Of the rose of the wind's despoiling,
 Lamenting the summer through ?

So, if she shudder, as round her
 The music dreamily flows,
 'Tis but the maidenly instinct
 That neither reasons or knows ;
 And still she listens and listens,
 Entranced by some heavenly thought,
 Some phrase of silvery sweetness,
 Some cadence airily wrought.

Till the music surges and ceases,
 As the sea when the wind is spent,
 And the blue of heaven brightens
 Through cloudy fissure and rent.

It ceases, and all is over,
 The box is empty and cold,—
 And the amber drapery deadens
 To satin that has been gold.

WILLIAM SAWYER.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.

WHICH of all moments of life brims over
 with glory supremest ?
 Sweet, Senior Wrangler and Smith's
 Prizeman, to pass Double First !
 Sweet, in your maiden speech to astonish the
 Treasury benches,
 While even Palmerston grunts, " 'Gad ! here's a
 chap that can speak."
 Sweet, amid lime-trees' blossom, astir with the
 whispers of springtide,
 Maiden speech to hear, eloquent murmur and
 sigh.
 Ah ! but the joy of the Thames when, Cam with
 Isis contending,
 Up the Imperial stream flash the impetuous
 Eights !
 Sweeping and strong is the stroke as they race
 from Putney to Mortlake,
 Shying the Crab Tree bight ; shooting through
 Hammersmith Bridge ;
 Onward elastic they strain to the deep low moan
 of the rowlock ;
 Louder the cheer from the bank, swifter the flash
 of the oar !

Ay, and the winners that day, whether light blue
 win it or dark blue,
 Seldom hereafter in life glory suprem'er shall
 know !

GEORGE JOHN CAYLEY.
 MORTIMER COLLINS.

THE IMPARTIAL:

A BOAT-RACE SKETCH.

N sorrow and joy she has seen the be-
 ginning—
 Her lightness of spirit half dashed by
 the “blues”—
 With cheers in her heart for the crew who are
 winning,
 Whilst tears fill her eyes for those fated to lose.

If you'll narrowly watch 'midst the noise and con-
 tention,
 You'll note, as her Arab paws proudly the dust,
 A deftly-twined bouquet of speedwell and gentian
 'Neath her little white collar half carelessly
 thrust !

The tint of a night in the still summer weather
 Her tight-fitting habit just serves to unfold,
 While delicate cuffs are scarce fastened together
 By dainty-wrought fetters of turquoise and
 gold.

Ah ! climax of sweet girlish neutral devices !
 What smiles for the winners, for losers what
 sighs !—

She has twined her fair hair with the colours of
Isis,
Whilst those of the Cam glitter bright in her
eyes.

J. ASHBY STERRY.

MY SHILLING PHOTOGRAPH,

AN ASCOT LYRIC.

 ENTS, *take yer picters!*’ With a will
He blazons, in falsetto shrill,
His camera’s itinerant skill ;
I bade him ‘Hook it!’

But no ; and, when the daub was done,
The modest artist of the sun
Asked for ‘five bob :’ I offered one ;
He cursed, and took it.

’Twas dear at that ; but, as I gaze,
The blotted surface seems to raise
Sweet shapes and joys of other days,
With pain for pendant ;
A maze of silk and tulle and lace ;
A drag—five dames of courtly grace
Watching the Cup-day’s grandest race,
Five squires attendant.

What memories it brings to me
Of quips and jests that fluttered free
On wings of wit and repartee
And bright *abandon* !
Tall bottles passing to and fro,
And clear-cut crystal’s creamy flow,
Where vied with velvet Veuve Clicquot
Moët and Chandon.

And is this smudge the smile of one
 Who "thought that Ascot would be fun,"—
 Bright hair, as golden as the sun
 That glowed upon it ;
 A face as fair as summer skies,
 Where many a blush in ambush lies ;
 Such witchery of sweet gray eyes,
 And such a bonnet,

That even lordly *lorgnettes* scanned
 Your features from the Royal stand,
 And watched the little snow-white hand
 You gave the gipsy,
 Who blanched your cheek a pallid hue,
 With "Pretty miss, your love you'll rue!"
 I wonder was the sibyl true,
 Or only tipsy ?

That's long ago ! Is your white brow
 As innocent and stainless now ?
 For me, my summer's past, I trow ;
 I'm in December.
 My eyes are rather dim to-night,
 Or is the picture faded quite ?
 These can't be *tears*—confound the light !
 How I remember

The homeward drive that came too soon,
 By "parks and lodges" bright with June,
 And how we mocked the afternoon
 With lazy laughter,
 Till welcome Windsor gaily shows
 Her cots of clematis and rose ;
 And, if my Muse may stoop to prose,
 The ices after !

A *monument*, but not, alas !
Ære perennius—only glass ;
 Still, as I gaze, strange phantoms pass,
 And Fancy flashes.
 Poor rubbish ! True ; but let it lie,
 It half recalls the years gone by ;
 They'll break it up some day when I
 Am dust and ashes !

H. B. FREEMAN

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

 OUR labours, my talented brother,
 Are happily over at last ;
 They tell me—that, somehow or other,
 The Bill is rejected,—or past ;
 And now you'll be coming, I'm certain,
 As fast as your posters can crawl,
 To help us to draw up our curtain,
 As usual, at Fustian Hall.

Arrangements are nearly completed ;
 But still we've a lover or two,
 Whom Lady Albina entreated
 We'd keep, at all hazards, for you :
 Sir Arthur makes horrible faces ;
 Lord John is a trifle too tall ;
 And yours are the safest embraces
 To faint in, at Fustian Hall.

Come, Clarence ;—it's really enchanting
 To listen and look at the rout :
 We're all of us puffing and panting,
 And raving, and running about ;
 Here Kitty and Adelaide bustle ;
 There Andrew and Anthony bawl ;

Flutes murmur—chains rattle—robes rustle
In chorus, at Fustian Hall.

By the bye, there are two or three matters
We want you to bring us from town;
The Inca's white plumes from the hatter's,
A nose and a hump for the clown;
We want a few harps for our banquet;
We want a few masks for our ball;
And steal from your wise friend Bosanquet
His white wig, for Fustian Hall!

Hunca Munca must have a huge sabre;
Friar Tuck has forgotten his cowl;
And we're quite at a stand-still with Weber
For want of a lizard and owl;
And then, for our funeral procession,
Pray get us a love of a pall,—
Or how shall we make an impression
On feelings, at Fustian Hall?

And, Clarence, you'll really delight us,
If you'll do your endeavours to bring
From the club, a young person to write us
Our prologue, and that sort of thing;
Poor Crotchet, who did them supremely,
Is gone for a Judge to Bengal;
fear we shall miss him extremely
This season, at Fustian Hall.

Come, Clarence! your idol Albina
Will make a sensation, I feel;
We all think there never was seen a
Performer so like the O'Neill:
At rehearsals her exquisite fancy
Has deeply affected us all;
For one tear that trickles at Drury,
There'll be twenty at Fustian Hall!

Dread objects are scatter'd before her
 On purpose to harrow her soul ;
 She stares, till a deep spell comes o'er her,
 At a knife, or a cross, or a bowl.
 The sword never seems to alarm her
 That hangs on a peg to the wall ;
 And she doats on thy rusty old àrmour,
 Lord Fustian, of Fustian Hall.

She stabb'd a bright mirror this morning,—
 (Poor Kitty was quite out of breath !)—
 And trampled, in anger and scorning,
 A bonnet and feathers to death.
 But hark !—I've a part in “The Stranger,”
 There's the Prompter's detestable call !
 Come, Clarence—our Romeo and Ranger—
 We want you at Fustian Hall !

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

CLUBS.

F any man loves comfort and has little
 cash to buy it, he
 Should get into a crowded club—a
 most select society,—
 While solitude and mutton-cutlets serve *infelix*
uxor, he
 May have his club, like Hercules, and revel there
 in luxury.

Yes, clubs knock taverns on the head. E'en
 Hatchett's can't demolish 'em.
 Joy grieves to see their magnitude, and Long's
 longs to abolish 'em.

The Inns are out. Hotels for single men scarce
keep alive on it,
While none but houses that are in the family way
thrive on it.

There's first the Athenæum Club ; so wise, there's
not a man of it
That has not sense enough for six—in fact, that
is the plan of it.
The very waiters answer you with eloquence
Socratical,
And always place the knives and forks in order
mathematical.

Then opposite the mental club you'll find the
regimental one—
A meeting made of men of war, and yet a very
gentle one.
If uniform good living please your palate, here's
excess of it,
Especially at private dinners, when they make a
mess of it.

E'en Isis has a house in town and Cam abandons
her city ;
The Master now hangs out at the United Uni-
versity.
In common room she gave a rout (a novel freak
to hit upon),
Where Masters gave the Mistresses of Arts no
chairs to sit upon.

The Union Club is quite superb ; its best apart-
ment daily is
The lounge of lawyers, doctors, merchants, beaux,
cum multis aliis.

At half-past six the joint concern for eighteen-pence is given you,
Half-pints of port are sent in ketchup-bottles to enliven you.

The Travellers are in Pall Mall, and smoke cigars so cosily,

And dream they climb the highest Alps or rove the plains of Moselai.

The world for them has nothing new, they have explored all parts of it,

And now they are club-footed, and they sit and look at charts of it.

The Orientals, homeward-bound, now seek their club much sallower,

And while they eat green fat they find their own fat growing yellower.

Their soup is made more savoury, till bile to shadows dwindle 'em,

And neither Moore nor Savory with seidlitz draughts rekindles 'em.

Then there are clubs where persons parliamentary preponderate,

And clubs for men upon the turf (I wonder they ar'n't under it);

Clubs where the winning ways of sharper folks pervert the use of clubs,

Where knaves will make subscribers cry, "Egad ! this is the deuce of clubs !"

For country squires the only club in London now is Boodle's, sirs,

The Crockford Club for playful men, the Alfred Club for noodles, sirs :

These are the stages which all men propose to
play their parts upon,
For Clubs are what the Londoners have clearly
set their hearts upon.

THEODORE HOOK.

AT HURLINGHAM.

 HIS was dear Willie's brief despatch,
A curt and yet a cordial summons ;—
“ Do come ! I'm in to-morrow's match,
And see me whip the *Faithful Commons.*”

We trundled out behind the bays,
Through miles and miles of brick and garden ;
Mamma was drest in mauve and maize,—
Of course I wore my *Dolly Varden.*

A charming scene, and lively too,
The paddock's full, the band is playing
Boulotte's song in *Barbe Bleue*,
And what are all these people saying ?
They flirt ! they bet ! There's Linda Reeves,
Too lovely ! I'd give worlds to borrow
Her yellow rose with russet leaves !—
I'll wear a yellow rose to-morrow !

And there are May and Algy Meade ;
How proud she looks on her promotion !
The ring must be amused indeed,
And edified by such devotion !
I wonder if she ever guess'd !
I wonder if he'll call on Friday !
I often wonder which is best !—
I only hope my hair is tidy !

Some girls repine, and some rejoice,
 And some get bored, but I'm contented
 To make my destiny my choice,—
 I'll never dream that I've repented.
 There's something sad *in loved and cross'd*,
 For all the fond, fond hope that rings it ;
 There's something sweet in "loved and lost"—
 And, oh, how sweetly Alfred sings it !

I'll own I'm bored with *handicaps* !—
Bluerocks! (they always are "*bluerock*"-ing !)—
 With May, a little bit, perhaps,—
 And yon Faust's *teufelshund* is shocking !
 Bang . . . bang . . . ! That's Willy ! There's his bird,
 Blithely it cleaves the skies above me !
 He's missed all ten ! He's too absurd !—
 I hope he'll always, always love me !

We've lost ! To tea, then back to town ;
 The crowd is laughing, eating, drinking :
 The moon's eternal eyes look down,—
 Of what, I wonder, is she thinking ?
 Oh, but for some good fairy's wand,—
 This pigeoncide is worse than silly,
 But still I'm very, very fond
 Of Hurlingham, and tea,—and Willy.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

CROQUET.

(*To the tune of the "Great Sensation."*)

(*Symphony.*)

 *MO*ST croquet is cheating,
 Most roquet mere folly,
 And yet we know
 Some *belles* and *beaux*
 Who fancy it's most jolly.

(*Solo, Soprano.*)

“Come into the garden-mud.”—

(*Tutti.*)

Then come into the garden-mud;
To stop in-doors all bosh is;

There is, 'tis true,
A heavyish dew,

But we've got on goloshes.

(*Chorus.*)

Pooh-pooh, bother the dew!

Balmoral and castor;

The more you try to stick in the dry
It only rains the faster.

* * * *

“Now, Mr. Blue,

We're waiting for you,

And mind, don't miss your hoop, sir;
For Mrs. Pink

Plays next, I think,

And has you like a scoop, sir.”

“Ah, there you go!

I told you so;

You'll make your side repent all;

It's no excuse

To be of 'use'—

(When you can't be ornamental).”

(*Chorus.*)

Bats, balls, ready for squalls,

Nothing but disaster;

The more you try to go ahead,

You're only stopped the faster.

“So Mellon's dead”—

“Yes, so it's said”—

“Of course you’re charmed with Lucca?
 I rather think —”
 “Oh, hang that Pink!
 Was ever such a fluker.”

“Miss Black, your hoop —”
 “. . . . Resembles Cup-
 id’s bow, (or vice versâ)”—
 “Well spooned, Miss Red,
 That’s not so bad —
 (As ’twould be if ’twere worser !)”

(Chorus.)

Fie, fie, spoon on the sly,
 What turpitude is vaster?
 The more you try to place yourself,
 You’re only croquéed faster.

“So, as I said
 (Green after Red),
 Miss Dash was much admired,
 And she was vext”—
 “Do I go next?
 I’m actually wired—

Thro’ I declare!”
 “No spooning there!”
 “ ’Twas nothing but a push, sir”—
 “It’s you to play”—
 “Where am I, eh?”—
 Stuck in the holly-bush, sir!

(Chorus.)

Push, poke, spoon, fluke,
 Squabbling Miss and Master,
 The more one tries to save oneself,
 One’s only croquéed faster.

“ Oh, here’s a lark !
 It’s getting dark,
 I’m off to dress for dinner ;
 Adoo, sweet Pink,
 I rather think
 We’re just a hoop the winner !

So that’s a sell ! ”
 But, hark ! a bell ;—
 That sound each bosom crazes,
 They scatter here,
 And shatter there,
 And knock their friends to blazes.

(*Chorus.*)

Flounce, pounce, nothing but bounce,
 What folly can be vaster !
 The more you try to finish it off,
 It only sticks the faster.

Miss Green, the stout,
 Who skips about
 In Taglioni fashion
 (*So spirituelle !*),
 Trips in the bell
 And flies off in a passion.

(*Great Glee.*)

“ Lightly trip it, fairy Green.”

Excited Black
 Gives Red a crack
 That *bors de combat* puts her ;
 And pretty Brown
 Her bat brings down
 Upon her pretty foot, sir.

(Disconcerted piece.)

“As Ajax strives some rock’s vast weight to
throw,
He lets it fall, and drops it on his toe.”

Now Red, I say—

She’s run away,

Such conduct most morose is ;

And nought’s been seen

Of gentle Green

Since her apotheosis.

There’s Brown eloped,

And Orange sloped,

(The last flirtée of Yellow’s)—

And scolded Black

Won’t be called back,

Tho’ Echo burst his bellows.—

(Duette.)

“ Can storied urn or animated bust ? ” . . .

So Pink and Blue,

It’s you “to do,”

Since that’s the way to put it ;—

And if not quick

You reach your stick,

Take my advice and—cut it !

(Chorus—as a Solo.)

Curt, pert, girls that flirt,

Cornet, pup, and pastor,

The more you try to call ‘em back

They only go the faster.

(Final Chorus—as a Refrain.)

H. CHOLMONDELEY PENNELL.

A BILLIARD LESSON.

 WAS pleasant on the winter nights,
To see beneath the shaded lights
Her classic head bent low ;
And watch her snowy fingers make
A clever stroke, and count each "break"
Of such a gentle foe.

And though she said it was a sin
To beat her, I could always win
To hear such pretty blame ;
While 'mid the winning strokes I made,
It seem'd to me as if I play'd—
A very losing game.

There's κύδος in the rattling strokes,
You make amid the fire of jokes
From chaffing fellow men ;
And yet when beauty turns away
And pouts at your superior play,
You've other feelings then.

No "hazard" that my cunning cue
With all my greatest care could do,
Or lucky "fluke" might get,
Could ever equal that I ran
In playing—miserable man !
With such a flirting pet.

And though I lost such heaps of gloves
In betting with her, when one loves
Such losing bets are blest ;
And since she teased me night and day,
I only got at billiard-play,
The chances of a "rest."

The "cannon" on the table green
 Will to a Canon come I ween,
 Who'll tie me to a wife ;
 And she with backers not a few—
 Will quietly put on the "screw,"
 And "pocket" me for life.

H. SAVILE CLARKE.

IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

HUGH (*on furlough*). HELEN (*bis cousin*).

HELEN.

HEY have not come ! And ten is past,—
 Unless, by chance, my watch is fast ;
 —Aunt Mabel surely told us "ten."

HUGH.

I doubt if she can do it, then.
 In fact, their train

HELEN.

That is,—you knew.
 How could you be so treacherous, Hugh ?

HUGH.

Nay ;—it is scarcely mine, the crime,
 One can't account for railway-time !
 Where shall we sit ? Not here, I vote ;—
 At least, there's nothing here of note.

HELEN.

Then *here* we'll stay, please. Once for all,
 I bar all artists,—great and small !
 From now until we go in June
 I shall hear nothing but this tune :—

Whether I like Long's "Vashti," or
 Like Leslie's "Naughty Kitty" more ;
 With all that critics, right or wrong,
 Have said of Leslie and of Long . . .
 No. If you value my esteem,
 I beg you'll take another theme ;
 Paint me some pictures, if you will,
 But spare me these, for good and ill. . . .

HUGH.

"Paint you some pictures!" Come, that's kind!
 You know I'm nearly colour-blind.

HELEN.

Paint then, in words. You did before :
 Scenes at—where was it? Dustypoor ?
 You know. . . .

HUGH (*with an inspiration*).
 I'll try.

HELEN.

But mind they're pretty
 Not "hog hunts."

HUGH.

You shall be Committee,
 And say if they are "out" or "in."

HELEN.

I shall reject them all. Begin.

HUGH.

Here is the first. An antique Hall
 (Like Chanticlere) with panelled wall.
 A boy, or rather lad. A girl,
 Laughing with all her rows of pearl

Before a portrait in a ruff.
He meanwhile watches. . . .

HELEN.

That's enough,
It wants "*verve*," "*brio*," "*breadth*," "*design*," . . .
Besides it's English. I decline.

HUGH.

This is the next. 'Tis finer far:
A foaming torrent (say Braemar).
A pony, grazing by a boulder,
Then the same pair, a little older,
Left by some lucky chance together.
He begs her for a sprig of heather. . . .

HELEN.

—“Which she accords with smile seraphic.”
I know it,—it was in the “Graphic.”
Declined.

HUGH.

Once more, and I forego
All hopes of hanging, high or low:
Behold the hero of the scene,
In bungalow and palankeen. . . .

HELEN.

What!—all at once! But that's absurd;—
Unless he's Sir Boyle Roche's bird!

HUGH.

Permit me—'Tis a Panorama,
In which the person of the drama,
Mid orientals dusk and tawny,
Mid warriors drinking brandy pawnee,

Mid scorpions, dowagers, and griffins,
In morning rides, at noon-day tiffins,
In every kind of place and weather,
Is solaced . . . by a sprig of heather.

(More seriously).

He puts that faded scrap before
The "Rajah," or the "Koh-i-noor." . . .
He would not barter it for all
Benares, or the Taj-Mahal. . .
It guides,—directs his every act,
And word and thought—In short—in fact—
I mean . . .

(Opening his locket).

Look, Helen, that's the heather!
(Too late! Here come both Aunts together.)

HELEN.

What heather, Sir?

(After a pause.)

And why . . . "too late?"
—Aunt Dora, how you've made us wait!
Don't you agree that it's a pity
Portraits are hung by the Committee?

AUSTIN DOBSON.

PORTRAIT OF A LADY

IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



HAT are you, Lady?—nought is here
To tell us of your name or story,
To claim the gazer's smile or tear,
To dub you Whig, or damn you
Tory;

It is beyond a poet's skill
To form the slightest notion whether
We e'er shall walk through one quadrille,
Or look upon one moon together.

You're very pretty!—all the world
Are talking of your bright brow's splendour,
And of your locks, so softly curled,
And of your hands, so white and slender;
Some think you're blooming in Bengal;
Some say you're blowing in the City;
Some know you're nobody at all:
I only feel—you're very pretty.

But, bless my heart! it's very wrong;
You're making all our belles ferocious;
Anne "never saw a chin so long;"
And Laura thinks your dress "atrocious;"
And Lady Jane, who now and then
Is taken for the village steeple,
Is sure you can't be four feet ten,
And "wonders at the taste of people."

Soon pass the praises of a face;
Swift fades the very best vermillion;
Fame rides a most prodigious pace;
Oblivion follows on a pillion;
And all who in these sultry rooms
To-day have stared, and pushed, and fainted,
Will soon forget your pearls and plumes
As if they never had been painted.

You'll be forgotten—as old debts
By persons who are used to borrow;
Forgotten—as the sun that sets,
When shines a new one on the morrow;

Forgotten—like the luscious peach
 That blessed the school-boy last September ;
 Forgotten—like a maiden speech,
 Which all men praise, but none remember.

Yet, ere you sink into the stream
 That whelms alike sage, saint, and martyr,
 And soldier's sword, and minstrel's theme,
 And Canning's wit, and Gatton's charter,
 Here of the fortunes of your youth
 My fancy weaves her dim conjectures,
 Which have, perhaps, as much of truth
 As passion's vows, or Cobbett's lectures.

Was't in the north or in the south
 That summer breezes rocked your cradle ?
 And had you in your baby mouth
 A wooden or a silver ladle ?
 And was your first unconscious sleep,
 By Brownie banned, or blessed by fairy ?
 And did you wake to laugh or weep ?
 And were you christened Maud or Mary ?

And was your father called "your Grace?"
 And did he bet at Ascot races ?
 And did he chat of commonplace ?
 And did he fill a score of places ?
 And did your lady-mother's charms
 Consist in picklings, broilings, bastings ?
 Or did she prate about the arms
 Her brave forefathers wore at Hastings ?

Where were you *finished*? tell me where ?
 Was it at Chelsea, or at Chiswick ?
 Had you the ordinary share
 Of books and backboard, harp and physic ?

And did they bid you banish pride,
And mind your Oriental tinting ?
And did you learn how Dido died,
And who found out the art of printing ?

And are you fond of lanes and brooks—
A votary of the sylvan Muses ?
Or do you con the little books
Which Baron Brougham and Vaux diffuses ?
Or do you love to knit and sew—
The fashionable world's Arachne ?
Or do you canter down the Row
Upon a very long-tailed hackney ?

And do you love your brother James ?
And do you pet his mares and setters ?
And have your friends romantic names ?
And do you write them long, long letters ?
And are you—since the world began
All women are—a little spiteful ?
And don't you dote on Malibran ?
And don't you think Tom Moore delightful ?

I see they've brought you flowers to-day ;
Delicious food for eyes and noses ;
But carelessly you turn away
From all the pinks, and all the roses ;
Say, is that fond look sent in search
Of one whose look as fondly answers ?
And is he, fairest, in the Church ?
Or is he—ain't he—in the Lancers ?

And is your love a motley page
Of black and white, half joy, half sorrow ?
Are you to wait till you're of age ?
Or are you to be his to-morrow ?

Or do they bid you, in their scorn,
 Your pure and sinless flame to smother ?
 Is he so very meanly born ?
 Or are you married to another ?

Whate'er you are, at last, adieu !
 I think it is your bounden duty
 To let the rhymes I coin for you
 Be prized by all who prize your beauty.
 From you I seek nor gold nor fame ;
 From you I fear no cruel strictures ;
 I wish some girls that I could name
 Were half as silent as their pictures !

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

NUMBER ONE.

PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG LADY,

“ No. I,” in a collection of one thousand five hundred and eighty-three works of art, at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy.

 Y favourite, you must know,
 In the Piccadilly show,
 Is the portrait of a lass
 Bravely done.
 'Mid the fifteen eighty-three
 Works of art that you may see,
 There is nothing can surpass—
 “ Number One ! ”

Very far above the line
 Is this favourite of mine ;
 You may see her smiling there
 O'er the crowds.

If you bring a good *lorgnette*,
You may see my dainty pet ;
Like the Jungfrau, pink and fair,
'Mid the clouds.

My enchanting little star,
How I wonder what you are,
With your rosy laughing lips
Full of fun.

Have you many satellites,
Do you shine so bright o' nights,
That there's nothing can eclipse
"Number One?"

Are you constant in your loves ?
Do you change them with your gloves ?
Pray does Worth pervade your train—
Or your heart ?
Are you fickle, are you leal,
Are your sunny tresses real,
Or your roses only vain
Works of art ?

I sincerely envy him
Who the fortune had to limn
Your bewitching hazel eyes
With his brush :
Who could study ev'ry grace
In your winsome little face,
And the subtle charm that lies
In your blush.

I am sure it is a shame
That your pretty face and frame,
Ruthless hangers out of view
Seek to hide :

But no doubt Sir Francis G——
 And his myrmidons agree,
 Peerless angels such as you
 Should be "skyed!"

Ah! were I but twenty-two,
 I would hinge the knee to you,
 And most humbly kiss your glove
 At your throne:
 Thrice happy he whose sighs
 Draw this sweet Heart Union prize
 In the lottery of love
 For his own!

If I knew but your papa,
 Could I only "ask mamma,"
 It is clear enough to me
 As the sun,
 That all through this weary life,
 'Mid its pleasures, pain, and strife,
 All my care and love should be
 "Number One."

J. ASHBY STERRY.

TO MY GRANDMOTHER.

(SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE BY MR. ROMNEY.)



HIS relative of mine,
 Was she seventy-and-nine,
 When she died?
 By the canvas may be seen
 How she look'd at seventeen,
 As a bride.

Beneath a summer tree,
Her maiden reverie
 Has a charm ;
Her ringlets are in taste ;
What an arm !—what a waist
 For an arm !

With her bridal-wreath, bouquet,
Lace farthingale, and gay
 Falbala,—
Were Romney's limning true,
What a lucky dog were you,
 Grandpapa !

Her lips are sweet as love ;
They are parting ! Do they move ?
 Are they dumb ?
Her eyes are blue, and beam
Beseechingly, and seem
 To say, “ Come ! ”

What funny fancy slips
From atween these cherry lips ?
 Whisper me,
Sweet sorceress in paint,
What canon says I mayn't
 Marry thee ?

That good-for-nothing Time
Has a confidence sublime !
 When I first
Saw this lady, in my youth,
Her winters had, forsooth,
 Done their worst.

Her locks, as white as snow,
Once shamed the swarthy crow :
 By-and-by

That fowl's avenging sprite
 Set his cruel foot for spite
 Near her eye.

Her rounded form was lean,
 And her silk was bombazine :
 Well I wot
 With her needles would she sit,
 And for hours would she knit,
 Would she not ?

Ah ! perishable clay ;
 Her charms had dropt away
 One by one :
 But if she heaved a sigh
 With a burthen, it was, " Thy
 Will be done."

In travail, as in tears,
 With the fardel of her years
 Overprest,
 In mercy she was borne
 Where the weary and the worn
 Are at rest.

O, if you now are there,
 And sweet as once you were,
 Grandmamma,
 This nether world agrees
 'Twill all the better please
 Grandpapa.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

WHAT IS LONDON'S LAST NEW LION?

WHAT is London's last new lion? Pray, inform me if you can; Is't a woman of Kamschatka or an Otaheite man?

For my conversazione you must send me something new, Don't forget me! Oh I sigh for the éclat of a début!

I am sick of all the "minstrels," all the "brothers" this and that, Who sing sweetly at the parties, while the ladies laugh and chat; And the man who play'd upon his chin is *passé*, I suppose, So try and find a gentleman who plays upon his nose.

Send half-a-dozen authors, for they help to fill a rout, I fear I've worn the literary lionesses out! Send something biographical, I think that fashion spreads, But do not send a poet, till you find one with two heads.

The town has grown fastidious, we do not care a straw For the whiskers of a bandit, or the tail of a bashaw! And travellers are out of date, I mean to cut them soon, Unless you send me some one who has travell'd to the moon.

Oh ! if you send a singer, he must sing without a
throat !

Oh, if you send a player, he must harp upon one
note !

I must have something marvellous, the marvel
makes the man ;

What is London's last new lion ? pray inform me
if you can.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

TO A LADY,

ON HER PASSION FOR "OLD CHINA."

 HAT ecstasies her bosom fire !
How her eyes languish with desire !
How blest, how happy should I be,
Were that fond glance bestow'd on me !
New doubts and fears within me war :
What rival's near ?—a China jar !
China's the passion of her soul ;
A cup, a plate, a dish, a bowl
Can kindle wishes in her breast,
Inflame with joy, or break her rest.

Some gems collect ; some medals prize,
And view the rust with lovers' eyes ;
Some court the stars at midnight hours,
Some dote on nature's charms in flow'rs ;
But every beauty I can trace
In Laura's mind, in Laura's face ;
My stars are in this brighter sphere ;
My lily and my rose is here.

Philosophers, more grave than wise,
Hunt science down in butterflies ;

Or, fondly poring on a spider,
 Stretch human contemplation wider.
 Fossils give joy to Galen's soul,
 He digs for knowledge like a mole ;
 In shells so learn'd, that all agree
 No fish that swims knows more than he !
 In such pursuits if wisdom lies,
 Who, Laura ! shall thy taste despise ?

When I some antique jar behold,
 Or white, or blue, or speck'd with gold,
 Vessels so pure, and so refin'd
 Appear the types of womankind :
 Are they not valued for their beauty,
 Too fair, too fine for household duty ?
 With flowers, and gold, and azure dyed,
 Of every house the grace and pride ?
 How white, how polish'd is their skin,
 And valued most when only seen !
 She who before was highest priz'd,
 Is for a crack or flaw despised.
 I grant they're frail, yet they're so rare,
 The treasure cannot cost too dear !
 But man is made of coarser stuff,
 And serves convenience well enough ;
 He's a strong earthen vessel, made
 For drudging, labour, toil, and trade ;
 And when wives lose their other-self,
 With ease they bear the loss of delf,

Husbands, more covetous than sage,
 Condemn this china-buying rage ;
 They count that woman's prudence little
 Who sets her heart on things so brittle.
 But are those wise men's inclinations
 Fix'd on more strong, more sure foundations ?

If all that's frail we must despise,
 No human view or scheme is wise.
 Are not Ambition's hopes as weak ?
 They swell like bubbles, shine and break.
 A courtier's promise is so slight
 'Tis made at noon, and broke at night.
 What pleasure's sure ? The miss you keep
 Breaks both your fortune and your sleep.
 The man who loves a country life
 Breaks all the comforts of his wife ;
 And if he quit his farm and plough,
 His wife in town may break her vow.
 Love, Laura ! love, while youth is warm,
 For each new winter breaks a charm ;
 And woman's not like china sold,
 But cheaper grows in growing old :
 Then quickly choose the prudent part,
 Or else you break a faithful heart.

JOHN GAY.

CHINA VERSUS CHIPPENDALE.

MISS MYRTLE.



COME, Mr. Rose, you'll rouse my ire,
 Unless you say that you admire
 This cup and saucer.
 'Tis Bristol ware; pray, take it up !
 You can't discover in that cup
 A crack or flaw, sir !

“ That is an old Bow shepherdess.
 This Chelsea vase, you must confess,
 Has few to beat it

For colour, form, and perfect taste.
Just feel the softness of the paste!
I'd like to eat it!"

MR. ROSE.

" You really must be (don't be cross)
An ostrich or rhinoceros,
If without pepsine
You can digest your crockery.
Come, bite a little bit, and try!
Ah! prudence steps in!"

MISS MYRTLE.

" Whenever you drop into tea,
You're always poking fun at me,
And at my hobby.
I won't return your vulgar chaff,
But seriously, I always laugh
Once in your lobby.

" I tumble over hideous chairs,
And ugly tables, rounds and squares.
(I am outspoken.)
You say my china's apt to break;
Excuse the liberty I take,
Your things are broken."

MR. ROSE.

" Come, we won't quarrel, but agree,
Than our collections there can be
None other finer.
It might be awkward at a sale
If both went in for Chippendale,
Or both for China."

MISS MYRTLE,

“ You’ve chairs and tables for a mansion !
 Your house will surely need expansion,
 Unless you thin them.
 You might well spare a dozen sets !
 Pray what’s the use of cabinets
 With nothing in them ? ”

MR. ROSE.

“ Look, dear Miss Myrtle, how your cat
 Loves my old dog (who equals that
 Of Mother Hubbard’s).
 Why should such friends as we four part ?
 Combine collections !—fill my heart
 And empty cupboards ! ”

J. JEMMETT-BROWNE.

ELEGY ON A LAP-DOG.



SHOCK’S fate I mourn ! poor Shock is
 now no more !

Ye Muses, mourn ! ye chamber-maids
 deplore !

Unhappy Shock ! yet more unhappy fair,
 Doom’d to survive thy joy and only care !
 Thy wretched fingers now no more shall deck,
 And tie the favourite riband round his neck ;
 No more thy hand shall smooth his glossy hair,
 And comb the wavings of his pendant ear.
 Yet cease thy flowing grief, forsaken maid,
 All mortal pleasures in a moment fade :
 Our surest hope is in an hour destroy’d,
 And love, best gift of Heaven, not long enjoy’d.

Methinks I see her frantic with despair,
 Her streaming eyes, wrung hands, and flowing
 hair ;
 Her Mechlin pinners, rent, the floor bestrew,
 And her torn fan gives real signs of woe.
 Hence, superstition ! that tormenting guest,
 That haunts with fancy'd fears the coward breast ;
 No dread events upon this fall attend,
 Stream, eyes, no more, no more thy tresses rend.
 Though certain omens oft forewarn a state,
 And dying lions show the monarch's fate,
 Why should such fears bid Cælia's sorrow rise ?
 For, when a lap-dog falls, no lover dies.

Cease, Cælia, cease ! restrain thy flowing tears,
 Some warmer passion will dispel thy cares.
 In man you'll find a more substantial bliss,
 More grateful toying, and a sweeter kiss.
 He's dead. O, lay him gently in the ground !
 And may his tomb be by this verse renown'd :
 "Here Shock, the pride of all his kind, is laid,
 Who fawn'd like man, but ne'er like man betray'd."

JOHN GAY.

A BLENHEIM'S VALENTINE.

WRITTEN FOR MRS. WHATELEY'S "DANDY," 1871.

 T was the season of the Saint
 Of February, when Love's constraint
 Pricks every amorous soul to paint
 His torments to his mistress,
 And rendered tuneful by the time,
 Or mindful of his perished prime,

Dandy broke out in doggerel rhyme,
And thus proclaimed his distress :

“ The Saint’s return, my mistress dear,
Which brings to lovers’ hearts good cheer,
Yet makes them older by a year ;
 ‘Tis with a touch of sorrow,
Although good breeding keeps me gay,
I feel the force of what they say,
That every dog must have his day,
 And every dog its morrow.

“ Ah ! what a season was my youth !
How brisk my tail ! how sharp my tooth !
How clear my bark, which now, forsooth !
 Too often turns to snarling !
Then I was valued, as you know,
A thousand pounds at every show,
The cynosure of Rotten Row,
 The boudoir’s petted darling.

“ Now Age is on me like a blight ;
Harsh coughs convulse my sides at night ;
A hazy film o’erspreads my sight ;
 ‘Tis strange how dull my nose is ;
My every tooth is almost gone ;
I can but trifle with a bone ;
Of all my pleasures barely one
 Is left me but my dozes.

“ The time, too, ’s out of joint like me ;
Breeding is gone, and pedigree ;
And through the whole dog world I see
 The free replace the feudal !

King Charles must be content to live
Shorn of his old prerogative,
And Blenheim's noble lineage give
Room to the shop-born poodle.

“ Lowe has repealed the dog-tax ; Peace
Allows the mongrel to increase ;
In spite of muzzles and police

The world each day grows cur-rier ;
A gin-bred dwarf usurps the rug ;
Belinda pets a spurious pug ;
And Mabel stoops to kiss and hug
A bandy-legged bull terrier.

“ With public pique, with private pains,
With age and winter in my veins,
What joy for Dandy's soul remains ?

Ah ! you, whom dogs entitle
The best of mistresses and friends,
Your favour makes me all amends ;
In pleasing you ill-humour ends,
And service finds requital.

“ You love me ! and content with that
The obsolete aristocrat
Sleeps unrepining on his mat ;

So gladly, though I task it,
To your old pensioner's decay,
Your charity its alms shall pay,
Fine mincemeat and fresh milk by day,
By night a cushioned basket.

“ These while I live will seem enough ;
But when my mortal life—this stuff
That dreams are made of—death shall snuff,
Bury me like a grandee ;

With good dog-Latin epitaph,
 Half humorous, pathetic half,
 That they who read may weep and laugh,
 And say, 'Alas! poor Dandy!'"

WILLIAM JOHN COURTHOPE.

ODE.

 O ! where the gaily vestur'd throng,
 Fair learning's train, are seen,
 Wedg'd in close ranks, her wall along,
 And up her benches green.

Unfolded to their mental eye
 Thy awful form, Sublimity !
 The moral teacher shows—
 Sublimity of Silence born,
 And Solitude 'mid caves forlorn,
 And dimly vision'd woes ;
 Or Stedfast Worth, that inly great
 Mocks the malignity of fate.
 While whisper'd pleasure's dulcet sound
 Murmurs the crowded room around,
 And Wisdom, borne on Fashion's pinions,
 Exulting hails her new dominions.
 Oh ! both on me your influence shed,
 Dwell in my heart and deck my head !

Where'er a broader, browner shade,
 The shaggy beaver throws,
 And with the ample feather's aid
 O'er canopies the nose ;
 Where'er with smooth and silken pile,
 Ling'ring in solemn pause awhile,
 The crimson velvet glows ;

From some high bench's giddy brink,
Clinton with me begins to think
(As bolt upright we sit)
That dress, like dogs, should have its day,
That beavers are too hot for May,
And velvets quite unfit.

Then taste, in maxims sweet, I draw
From her unerring lip ;
How light, how simple are the straw,
How delicate the chip !
Hush'd is the speaker's powerful voice,
The audience melt away,
I fly to fix my final choice
And bless th' instructive day.

The milliner officious pours
Of hats and caps her ready stores,
The unbought elegance of spring ;
Some wide, disclose the full round face,
Some shadowy, lend a modest grace
And stretch their sheltering wing.

Here clustering grapes appear to shed
Their luscious juices on the head,
And cheat the longing eye ;
So round the Phrygian monarch hung
Fair fruits, that from his parchèd tongue
For ever seem'd to fly.

Here early blooms the summer rose ;
Here ribbons wreathè fantastic bows ;
Here plays gay plumage of a thousand dyes—
Visions of beauty, spare my aching eyes !
Ye cumbrous fashions, crowd not on my head !
Mine be the chip of purest white,
Swan-like, and as her feathers light

When on the still wave spread ;
 And let it wear the graceful dress
 Of unadornèd simpleness.

Ah ! frugal wish ; ah ! pleasing thought ;
 Ah ! hope indulged in vain ;
 Of modest fancy cheaply bought,
 A stranger yet to Payne.

With undissembled grief I tell,—
 For sorrow never comes too late,—
 The simplest bonnet in Pall Mall
 Is sold for £1 8s.

To Calculation's sober view,
 That searches ev'ry plan,
 Who keep the old, or buy the new,
 Shall end where they began.

Alike the shabby and the gay
 Must meet the sun's meridian ray ;
 The air, the dust, the damp.
 This, shall the sudden shower despoil ;
 That, slow decay by gradual soil ;
 Those, envious boxes cramp.

Who will, their squander'd gold may pay ;
 Who will, our taste deride ;
 We'll scorn the fashion of the day
 With philosophic pride.

Methinks me thus, in accents low,
 Might Sydney Smith address,
 " Poor moralist ! and what art thou,
 Who never spoke of dress ! "

“Thy mental hero never hung
 Suspended on a tailor’s tongue,
 In agonizing doubt ;
 Thy tale no flutt’ring female show’d,
 Who languish’d for the newest mode,
 Yet dar’d to live without.”

CATHERINE M. FANSHAWE.

TO LADY CARTERET.

ROM India’s burning clime I’m brought,
 With cooling gales like zephyrs fraught.
 Not Iris when she paints the sky,
 Can show more different hues than I ;
 Nor can she change her form so fast,
 I’m now a sail, and now a mast.
 I here am red, and there am green,
 A beggar there, and here a queen.
 I sometimes live in house of hair,
 And oft in hand of lady fair.
 I please the young, I grace the old,
 And am at once both hot and cold.
 Say what I am then, if you can,
 And find the rhyme, and you’re the man.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

AN ANSWER.

OUR house of hair and lady’s hand,
 At first did put me to a stand.
 I have it now—’tis plain enough—
 Your hairy business is a muff.

Your engine fraught with cooling gales,
 At once so like your masts and sails ;
 Your thing of various shape and hue
 Must be some painted toy, I knew ;
 And for the rhyme to you're the man,
 What fits it better than a fan ?

DR. SHERIDAN.

GOOD NIGHT TO THE SEASON.

 OOD night to the Season ! 'Tis over !
 Gay dwellings no longer are gay ;
 The courtier, the gambler, the lover
 Are scattered like swallows away :
 There's nobody left to invite one
 Except my good uncle and spouse ;
 My mistress is bathing at Brighton,
 My patron is sailing at Cowes :
 For want of better employment,
 Till Ponto and Don can get out,
 I'll cultivate rural enjoyment,
 And angle immensely for trout.

Good night to the Season !—the lobbies,
 Their changes, and rumours of change,
 Which startled the rustic Sir Bobbies,
 And made all the Bishops look strange :
 The breaches, and battles, and blunders,
 Performed by the Commons and Peers ;
 The Marquis's eloquent blunders,
 The Baronet's eloquent ears ;
 Denouncing of Papists and treasons,
 Of foreign dominion and oats ;
 Misrepresentations of reasons,
 And misunderstandings of notes.

Good night to the Season!—the buildings
Enough to make Inigo sick ;
The paintings, and plasterings, and gildings
Of stucco, and marble, and brick ;
The orders deliciously blended,
From love of effect into one ;
The club-houses only intended,
The palaces only begun ;
The hell, where the fiend in his glory
Sits staring at putty and stones,
And scrambles from story to story,
To rattle at midnight his bones.

Good night to the Season!—the dances,
The fillings of hot little rooms,
The glancings of rapturous glances,
The fancyings of fancy costumes ;
The pleasures which fashion makes duties,
The praising of fiddles and flutes,
The luxury of looking at Beauties,
The tedium of talking to mutes ;
The female diplomatists, planners
Of matches for Laura and Jane ;
The ice of her Ladyship's manners,
The ice of his Lordship's champagne.

Good night to the Season!—the rages
Led off by the chiefs of the throng,
The Lady Matilda's new pages,
The Lady Eliza's new song ;
Miss Fennel's macaw, which at Boodle's
Was held to have something to say ;
Mrs. Splenetic's musical poodles,
Which bark "*Batti Batti*" all day ;
The pony Sir Araby sported,
As hot and as black as a coal,

And the Lion his mother imported
In bearskins and grease, from the Pole.

Good night to the Season!—the Toso,
So very majestic and tall;
Miss Ayton, whose singing was so-so,
And Pasta, divinest of all;
The labour in vain of the ballet,
So sadly deficient in stars;
The foreigners thronging the Alley,
Exhaling the breath of cigars;
The *loge* where some heiress (how killing!)
Environed with exquisites sits,
The lovely one out of her drilling,
The silly ones out of their wits.

Good night to the Season!—the splendour
That beamed in the Spanish Bazaar;
Where I purchased—my heart was so tender—
A card-case, a pasteboard guitar,
A bottle of perfume, a girdle,
A lithographed Riego, full-grown,
Whom bigotry drew on a hurdle
That artists might draw him on stone;
A small panorama of Seville,
A trap for demolishing flies,
A caricature of the Devil,
And a look from Miss Sheridan's eyes.

Good night to the Season!—the flowers
Of the grand horticultural fête,
When boudoirs were quitted for bowers,
And the fashion was—not to be late;
When all who had money and leisure
Grew rural o'er ices and wines,
All pleasantly toiling for pleasure,
All hungrily pining for pines,

And making of beautiful speeches,
 And marring of beautiful shows,
 And feeding on delicate peaches,
 And treading on delicate toes.

Good night to the Season!—Another
 Will come with its trifles and toys,
 And hurry away, like its brother,
 In sunshine, and odour, and noise.
 Will it come with a rose or a briar?
 Will it come with a blessing or curse?
 Will its bonnets be lower or higher?
 Will its morals be better or worse?
 Will it find me grown thinner or fatter,
 Or fonder of wrong or of right;
 Or married—or buried?—no matter:
 Good night to the Season—good night!

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

THE LAST DESPATCH.

URRAH! the Season's past at last;
 At length we've "done" our pleasure.
 Dear "Pater," if you *only* knew
 How much I've *longed* for home and you,—
 Our own green lawn and leisure!

And then the pets! one half forgets
 The dear dumb friends—in Babel.
 I hope my special fish is fed;—
 I long to see poor Nigra's head
 Pushed at me from the stable!

I long to see the cob and "Rob,"—
 Old Bevis and the Collie ;
 And won't we read in "Traveller's Rest!"—
 Home readings after all are best ;—
 None else seem half so "jolly!"

One misses your dear kindly store
 Of fancies quaint and funny ;
 One misses, too, your kind *bon-mot* ;—
 The Mayfair wit I mostly know
 Has more of gall than honey !

How tired one grows of "calls and balls" !
 This "*toujours perdrix*" wearies ;
 I'm longing, quite, for "Notes on Knox;"
 (*A propos*, I've the loveliest box
 For holding *Notes and Queries* !)

A change of place would suit my case ;
 You'll take me ?—on probation ?
 As "Lady-help," then, let it be ;
 I feel (as Lavender shall see)
 That Jams are *my* vocation !

How's Lavender ? My love to her.
 Does Briggs still flirt with Flowers ?—
 Has Hawthorn stubb'd the common clear ?
 You'll let me give *some* picnics, Dear,
 And ask the Vanes and Towers ?

I met Belle Vane. "He's" still in Spain !
 Sir John won't let them marry.
 Aunt drove the boys to Brompton Rink ;
 And Charlie,—changing Charlie,—think,
 Is now *au mieux* with Carry !

And No. You know what "No" I mean—
 There's no one yet at present:
 The Benedick I have in view
 Must be a something wholly new,—
 One father's *far* too pleasant.

So hey, I say, for home and you!
 Goodbye to Piccadilly;
 Balls, beaux, and Bolton Row, adieu!
 Expect me, Dear, at half-past two;
 Till then,—your Own Fond—MILLY.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

THE LAST MAN OF THE SEASON.

BEHOLD the last man of the season
 Left pacing the park all alone,
 He'll blush if you ask him the reason,
 Why he with the rest is not gone?
 He'll seek you with shame and with sorrow,
 He'll smile with affected delight;
 He'll swear he leaves London to-morrow,
 And only came to it last night!

He'll tell you that nobles select him
 To cheer their romantic retreats,
 That friends from all quarters expect him
 To stay at their elegant seats.
 Invited by all, then, how can he
 Know which he should favour or shun;
 He's sure of offending so many,
 By paying a visit to one.

He'll say that the Yacht Club implore him
 To cruise in their exquisite ships:
 That ladies of fashion quite bore him
 To join in their wandering trips:

That stewards of all races entreat him
 To go to them ; what can he do ?
 So odd you should happen to meet him,
 So strange as he's just passing through.

In town, in the month of September,
 We find neither riches nor rank ;
 In vain we look out for a member
 To give us a nod or a frank.
 Each knocker in silence reposes,
 In every mansion you find
 One dirty old woman who dozes,
 Or peeps through the dining-room blind !

Then hence, thou last man of the season ;
 Lest fashion the outrage should blab ;
 Shrink back as if guilty of treason
 Within the dark depths of thy cab.
 If money be wanting, go borrow,
 Remain—and thy character's lost !
 Go print thy departure to-morrow :
 "Sir Linger from Long's to the coast !"

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

ALL ALONE.

A LAY OF THE MORTE SAISON.



Y Brown has gone away to Greece,
 My Robinson to Rome ;
 My Jones was off to-day for Nice,
 And I am still at home.
 One friend is on the Tiber,
 Another on the Rhone,
 The third a *bock-imbiber*—
 And I am all alone.

The Row is dull as dull can be ;
 Deserted is the Drive ;
 The glass that stood at eighty-three
 Stands now at sixty-five.
 The summer days are over ;
 The town, ah, me ! has flown
 Through Dover or to clover—
 And I am all alone.

I hate the mention of Lucerne,
 Of Baden and the Rhine ;
 I hate the Oberland of Berne,
 And Alp and Apennine.
 I hate the wilds of Norway,
 As here I sit and moan—
 With none to cross my doorway—
 For I am all alone.

Brick streets do not a prison make,
 Nor hollow squares a cell ;
 And so for Memory's pleasant sake,
 I'll bear my sorrow well.
 My lyre may lose the gladness
 That mark'd its former tone ;
 But, oh ! respect my sadness—
 For I am all alone.

HENRY S. LEIGH.

WINTER.

EE Richmond is clad in a mantle of
 snow ;
 The woods that o'ershadow'd the
 hill,
 Now bend with their load, while the river below,
 In musical murmurs forgetting to flow,
 Stands mournfully frozen and still.

Who cares for the winter ! *my* sunbeams shall
shine
Serene from a register stove ;
With two or three jolly companions to dine,
And two or three bottles of generous wine,
The rest I relinquish to Jove.

The oak bows its head in the hurricane's swell,
Condemn'd in its glory to fall :
The marigold dies unperceiv'd in the dell,
Unable alike to retard or impel
The crisis assign'd to us all.

Then banish to-morrow, its hopes and its fears ;
To-day is the prize we have won ;
Ere surly old age in its wrinkle appears,
With laughter and love, in your juvenile years
Make sure of the days as they run.

The park and the playhouse *my* presence shall
greet,
The opera yield its delight ;
Catalani may charm me, but ten times more sweet,
The musical voice of *Laurette* when we meet
In tête-à-tête concert at night.

False looks of denial in vain would she fling,
In vain to some corner begone ;
And if in our kisses I snatch off her ring,
It is, to my fancy, a much better thing
Than a kiss after putting one on !

JAMES SMITH.

IF!

If life were never bitter,
 And love were always sweet,
 Then who would care to borrow
 A moral from to-morrow,—

If Thames would always glitter,
 And joy would ne'er retreat,
 If life were never bitter,
 And love were always sweet.

If care were not the waiter
 Behind a fellow's chair,
 When easy-going sinners
 Sit down to Richmond dinners,
 And life's swift stream flows straighter—
 By Jove, it would be rare,
 If care were not the waiter
 Behind a fellow's chair.

If wit were always radiant,
 And wine were always iced,
 And bores were kicked out straightway
 Through a convenient gateway ;
 Then down the year's long gradient
 'Twere sad to be enticed,
 If wit were always radiant,
 And wine were always iced.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

“THERE STANDS A CITY.”



YEAR by year do Beauty's daughters
 In the sweetest gloves and shawls,
 Troop to taste the Chattenham waters,
 And adorn the Chattenham balls.

“*Nulla non donanda laura,*”
 Is that city : you could not,
 Placing England's map before you,
 Light on a more favoured spot.

If no clear translucent river
 Winds 'neath willow-shaded paths,
 “Children and adults” may shiver
 All day in “Chalybeate baths.”

And on every side the painter
 Looks on wooded vale and plain
 And on fair hills, faint and fainter
 Outlined as they near the main.

There I met with him, my chosen
 Friend—the “long” but not “stern swell,”
 Faultless in his hats and hosen,
 Whom the Johnian lawns know well :—

Oh my comrade, ever valued !
 Still I see your festive face ;
 Hear you humming of “the gal you'd
 Left behind” in massive bass :

See you sit with that composure
 On the eeliest of hacks,
 That the novice would suppose your
 Manly limbs encased in wax :

Or anon, when evening lent her
Tranquil light to hill and vale,
Urge, towards the table's centre,
With unerring hand, the squail.

Ah delectablest of summers !
How my heart—that “muffled drum,”
Which ignores the aid of drummers—
Beats, as back thy memories come !

O among the dancers peerless,
Fleet of foot, and soft of eye !
Need I say to you that cheerless
Must my days be till I die ?

At my side she mashed the fragrant
Strawberry ; lashes soft as silk,
Drooped o'er saddened eyes, when vagrant
Gnats sought watery graves in milk :

Then we danced, we walked together ;
Talked—no doubt on trivial topics ;
Such as Blondin, or the weather,
Which “recalled us to the tropics.”

But—O in the deuxtemps peerless,
Fleet of foot, and soft of eye !—
Once more I repeat, that cheerless
Shall my days be till I die.

And the lean and hungry raven,
As he picks my bones, will start
To observe “M. N.” engraven
Neatly on my blighted heart.

CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY.

INVITED AND DECLINING.

 RANK AYLMER'S hand ! I know it
well ;
So manly, vigorous, and clear—
Rare gift in such a thorough swell,

And heir to thousands ten a-year.
What says old Frank ? some cheery word,
Some lightsome jest, some chaff absurd,
Some hospitable hope
Of future fun.—Ay, so I thought !
Here, read his note ! with feeling fraught,
Though clothed in many a trope,

“ You'll come for Christmas to The Ferns,
You know the Governor expects you ;
You'll flirt with all the girls by turns,
And always have some nice one next you :
You'll ride The Rip—he's well again,
Seems quite recovered from the sprain
He got with Tommy Hinde ;
Before I'd let that feeble lad
Cross horse of mine, however bad,
I'd see him —— never mind !

“ Bulbul, the poet, comes that week,
And Charley Chesterton—‘ the Smiler ’
They call him in the Tenth—and Creek,
The scalping-knife of the *Reviler*.
Jack Tremlett would, but daren't ; his wife
Has led him the—et-cetera's—life,
Since last you dined at mess :
She caught him shawling Nelly Hughes,
The *coryphée*, and saw him use
The ‘ Freedom of the Press.’

“ Kate Brandeth comes to us, I hope,
And Anne (‘ I wish I was with Nancy ! ’)
You won’t see much of Gertrude Cope.
As Horne comes with her—her *fiancé* ;
Tom Selwyn brings his pretty bride,
But, never stirring from her side,
He’s lost to human ken ;
We’ve ask’d Du Singe, who shot the apes ;
The great art lecturer, Dr. Gapes,
And other noted men.

“ Snorter will have the cedar-room
(It is the Moor—I *know his trumpet !*) ;
E’en his sonorous nasal boom
Won’t wake his neighbour, deaf aunt Crumpet,
Flemming, his handkerchief and cough,
We’ve put a little farther off ;
While—penance for your crimes !—
You’ll share my den—you know the spot !
Where Latakie and whiskies hot
Shall flout the midnight chimes.

“ So come, Ned ; fling the pen aside,
Upset the ink and tear the paper ;
Shake up your liver with a ride ;
And brace up your muscles with a caper.
That pile of notice-waiting books,
Those rounded shoulders, careworn looks,
In London leave behind ;
And bring back to our eyes once more
The man who made the cricket-score,
And beat the navvy blind.”

No, dear old Frank ! though heaven knows
A kinder missive ne’er was sent ;
Rousseau-like, I myself oppose
All for my own enjoyment meant !

I—bah! begone the stale device !
 Too oft the cynic's heart of ice
 Is warm upon his sleeve !—
 I'll tell you truly why I stay
 From your bright ingle-side away,
 And what I say believe !

For thirty years, Frank, Christmas found
 Me sitting by the side of one
 Whose every draught in life was bound
 In me, Frank, and who called me “Son.”
 The autumn came ; that sacred tie
 Was loosed by Death's cold hand, and I
 Have since then stood alone ;
 Half of my heart within me glows ;
 The better half—which no one knows—
 Is hid—beneath a stone !

And I have dreamed that when the air
 Is resonant with Christmas bells,
 When all have laid aside their care,
 And happiness amongst us dwells,—
 A step will echo on my floor :
 A thin white hand will chafe once more
 My sorrow-clouded brow ;
 A sweet, sweet face will bend to mine,
 A soft voice whisper, “Why repine,
 My boy ? *I'm* with thee now !”

God grant it, Frank ! though false and vain
 The promise given by such a thought,
 The happiness it brings I'd fain
 Acknowledge to be cheaply bought.
 And if, friend, in your hour of glee,
 A random fancy flies to me,
 So paint me in your mind,

As one who, fenced with fields of snow,
Looks back, and sees a sunset glow.
On vineyards left behind !

EDMUND YATES.

AT A COUNTRY-HOUSE.



MANSION, large but not too grand,
And here I'm stopped, for I—*prob
pudor!*—

Can't tell you in what style it's
planned—

Elizabethan, Gothic, Tudor.

Rich ivy softening red brick
Conceals all cause for artist stricture ;
Around the trees grow tall and thick—
A pleasant, homely English picture.

Right homely too the pleasant face,
The pleasant voice that gives you greeting,
They speak the gentleman—a race
That from our ranks is fast retreating.
A host he's in himself and more ;
His wife's to all a liberal hostess ;
Why, in yon darkened corridor
There's even lodging for a ghostess !

The guests ! Be sure a jovial crew
As ever was amalgamated ;
Sweet ladies—lovers not a few
Have hence their heart-submission dated.
Our host's young daughter, brightly fair,
Brings sunshine in the winter, bless her !
E'en to yon dried-up fossil there,
His learned Reverence, the Professor.

For he is here, not half so stiff
 As when he lectured us at Eton.
 That smiling lounger's Mr. Smiff,
 The man they say Miss Rose is sweet on.
 A plunger's here, a journalist
 (Two youths whose ways are seldom straight
 ways),
 A sporting parson, good at whist,
 A preaching sportsman, good at gateways ;—

 A lady who once wrote a book,
 And one of whom a book's been written ;
 One who a prize at London took,
 And one who took a house at Ditton ;
 A "blue" who'll derivations trace
 And with long words your ears importune ;
 One blonde whose fortune is her face,
 And one whose face caught her a fortune.

We dance, we flirt, we shoot, we ride,
 Our host's a veritable Nimrod ;
 We fish the river's silver tide,
 Miss Rose herself can wield a slim rod.
 We fall in love—and out again ;
 Sometimes we sail in troubled waters,
 For pleasure oft gives birth to pain
 When shared with Eve's seductive daughters.

C. C. RHYS.

ARRIVALS AT A WATERING-PLACE.



PLAY a spade.—Such strange new faces
Are flocking in from near and far ;
Such frights !—(Miss Dobbs holds all
the aces)—

One can't imagine who they are :
The lodgings at enormous prices,—

New donkeys and another fly ;
And Madame Bonbon out of ices,
Although we're scarcely in July :
We're quite as sociable as any,

But our old horse can scarcely crawl ;
And really, where there are so many,
We can't tell where we ought to call.

“ Pray who has seen the odd old fellow
Who took the Doctor's house last week ?—
A pretty chariot,—livery yellow,
Almost as yellow as his cheek ;
A widower, sixty-five, and surly,
And stiffer than a poplar tree ;
Drinks rum and water, gets up early
To dip his carcass in the sea ;
He's always in a monstrous hurry,
And always talking of Bengal ;
They say his cook makes noble curry ;—
I think, Louisa, we should call.

“ And so Miss Jones, the mantua-maker,
Has let her cottage on the hill !—
The drollest man,—a sugar-baker
Last year imported from the till ;

Prates of his 'orses and his 'oney,
 Is quite in love with fields and farms ;
 A horrid Vandal,—but his money
 Will buy a glorious coat of arms ;
 Old Clyster makes him take the waters ;
 Some say he means to give a ball ;
 And after all, with thirteen daughters,
 I think, Sir Thomas, you might call.

“ That poor young man !—I’m sure and certain
 Despair is making up his shroud ;
 He walks all night beneath the curtain
 Of the dim sky and murky cloud ;
 Draws landscapes,—throws such mournful glances
 Writes verses,—has such splendid eyes ;
 An ugly name,—but Laura fancies
 He’s some great person in disguise !—
 And since his dress is all the fashion,
 And since he’s very dark and tall,
 I think that out of pure compassion,
 I’ll get Papa to go and call.

“ So Lord St. Ives is occupying
 The whole of Mr. Ford’s hotel !
 Last Saturday his man was trying
 A little nag I want to sell,
 He brought a lady in the carriage ;
 Blue eyes,—eighteen, or thereabouts ;—
 Of course, you know, we *hope* it’s marriage,
 But yet the *femme de chambre* doubts.
 She looked so pensive when we met her,
 Poor thing !—and such a charming shawl !—
 Well !—till we understand it better,
 It’s quite impossible to call !

“ Old Mr. Fund, the London Banker,
 Arrived to-day at Premium Court ;

I would not, for the world, cast anchor
In such a horrid dangerous port ;
Such dust and rubbish, lath and plaster,—
(Contractors play the meanest tricks)—
The roof's as crazy as its master,
And he was born in fifty-six ;
Stairs creaking—cracks in every landing,—
The colonnade is sure to fall ;
We shan't find post or pillar standing,
Unless we make great haste to call.

“ Who was that sweetest of sweet creatures
Last Sunday in the Rector's seat ?
The finest shape,—the loveliest features,—
I never saw such tiny feet !
My brother,—(this is quite between us),
Poor Arthur,—'twas a sad affair ;
Love at first sight !—she's quite a Venus,
But then she's poorer far than fair ;
And so my father and my mother
Agreed it would not do at all ;
And so,—I'm sorry for my brother !—
It's settled that we're not to call.

“ And there's an author, full of knowledge ;
And there's a captain on half-pay ;
And there's a baronet from college,
Who keeps a boy and rides a bay ;
And sweet Sir Marcus from the Shannon,
Fine specimen of brogue and bone ;
And Doctor Calipee, the canon,
Who weighs, I fancy, twenty stone :
A maiden lady is adorning
The faded front of Lily Hall :—
Upon my word, the first fine morning,
We'll make a round, my dear, and call.”

Alas ! disturb not, maid and matron,
 The swallow in my humble thatch ;
 Your son may find a better patron,
 Your niece may meet a richer match :
 I can't afford to give a dinner,
 I never was on Almack's list ;
 And, since I seldom rise a winner,
 I never like to play at whist :
 Unknown to me the stocks are falling,
 Unwatched by me the glass may fall ;
 Let all the world pursue its calling,—
 I'm not at home if people call.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

BRIGHTON.

OW fruitful autumn lifts his sunburnt
 head,
 The slighted Park few cambric mus-
 lins whiten,
 The dry machines revisit Ocean's bed,
 And Horace quits awhile the town for *Brighton*.

The cit foregoes his box at Turnham Green,
 To pick up health and shells with Amphitrite,
 Pleasure's frail daughters trip along the Steyne,
 Led by the dame the Greeks call Aphrodite.

Phœbus, the tanner, plies his fiery trade,
 The graceful nymphs ascend Judea's ponies,
 Scale the west cliff, or visit the parade,
 While poor papa in town a patient drone is.

Loose trousers snatch the wreath from pantaloons ;
 Nankeen of late were worn the sultry weather in ;

But now, (so will the Prince's light dragoons,)
 White jean have triumph'd o'er their Indian
 brethren.

Here with choice food earth smiles and ocean
 yawns,

Intent alike to please the London glutton ;
 This, for our breakfast proffers shrimps and
 prawns,

That, for our dinner, Southdown lamb and
 mutton.

Yet here, as elsewhere, death impartial reigns,
 Visits alike the cot and the *Pavilion*,
 And for a bribe with equal scorn disdains
 My half-a-crown, and *Baring's* half-a-million.

Alas ! how short the span of human pride !
 Time flies, and hope's romantic schemes are
 undone ;
 Cosweller's coach, that carries four inside,
 Waits to take back the unwilling bard to London.

Ye circulating novelists, adieu !
 Long envious cords my black portmanteau
 tighten ;
 Billiards begone ! avaunt, illegal loo !
 Farewell old Ocean's bauble, glittering Brighton.

Long shalt thou laugh thine enemies to scorn,
 Proud as Phœnicia, queen of watering-places !
 Boys yet unbreech'd, and virgins yet unborn,
 On thy bleak downs shall tan their blooming
 faces.

JAMES SMITH.

WINTER IN BRIGHTON.

WILL there be snowfall on lofty Soracte,
 After a summer so tranquil and
 torrid?
 Whoso detests the east wind, as a fact he
 Thinks 'twill be horrid.
 But there are zephyrs more mild by the ocean,
 Every keen touch of the snowdrifts to lighten :
 If to be cosy and snug you've a notion—
 Winter in Brighton!

Politics nobody cares about. Spurn a
 Topic whereby all our happiness suffers.
 Doltz in the back streets of Brighton return a
 Couple of duffers.
 Fawcett and White in the Westminster Hades
 Strive the reporters' misfortunes to heighten.
 What does it matter? Delicious young ladies
 Winter in Brighton!

Good is the turtle for luncheon at Mutton's,
 Good is the hock that they give you at
 Bacon's,
 Mainwaring's fruit in the bosoms of gluttons
 Yearning awakens :
 Buckstone comes hither, delighting the million,
 'Mong the theatrical minnows a Triton ;
 Dickens and Lemon pervade the Pavilion ;—
 Winter in Brighton!

If you've a thousand a year, or a minute—
 If you're a D'Orsay, whom every one follows—
 If you've a head (it don't matter what's in it)
 Fair as Apollo's—

If you approve of flirtations, good dinners,
Seascapes divine, which the merry winds
whiten,

Nice little saints and still nicer young sinners—
Winter in Brighton!

MORTIMER COLLINS.

LONDON-BY-THE-SEA.



BRIGHTON in November

Is what one should remember,
When from town so dull and foggy,
we all of us would flee;

Where air is pure and bracing,
The breezes we are facing,
Away the blues there chasing—

At our London-by-the-Sea.

The morning's plunge at Brill's there,
It scares away all ills there,

How dull, or sad, or sober, you may ever chance
to be;

The sunshine bright is flashing,
While in the water splashing,
Away dull care you're dashing—

At bright London-by-the-Sea.

You're sure to find collected
On pier a crowd protected

From weather as they listen to a symphony in B:
'Neath crystal screen's flirtation,

Scarce screened from observation,
You'll find with consternation—

At gay London-by-the-Sea,

Grave judges there and jokers,
 With actors and stockbrokers,
 With every sort of person, of high and low degree ;
 Professor of art fistic,
 And preacher ritualistic,
 With poet wild and mystic—
 At brave London-by-the-Sea.

O'er downs to madly scamper,
 Without a care to hamper—
 'Tis just the thing⁴ to do you good I think you'll
 quite agree :
 All worry you are crushing,
 Your blood is gaily flushing,
 As off you're swiftly rushing—
 At light London-by-the-Sea.

With Amazons fast going,
 Such tangled tresses flowing,
 Such skirts and dainty ribbons in breezes blowing
 free :
 What joy to canter faster
 With beauties of the castor,
 As humble riding master,
 At smart London-by-the-Sea.

Then frequently there passes
 An army of school lasses,
 So full of buoyant spirits and of gladsome girlish
 glee ;
 That when they softly patter
 The *pavé* o'er and chatter,
 I'm as mad as any hatter—
 At fair London-by-the-Sea.

Some take a modest tiffin,
 On bun or Norfolk biffin,

At Streeter's or at Mainwaring's, but that will
 not suit me ;
 Though folks may call me glutton
 I do not care a button,
 But love a lunch with Mutton—
 At this London-by-the-Sea.

The flys are slow and mouldy,
 As ev'ry one has told ye,
 Its shrimps by far the finest you could ever wish
 for tea ;
 Its shops are rare and splendid,
 Where ev'rything is vended
 Till money's all expended—
 At dear London-by-the-Sea.

If spirits you would lighten
 Consult good Doctor Brighton,
 And swallow his prescriptions and abide by his
 decree :
 If nerves be weak or shaken,
 Just try a week with Bacon,
 His physic soon is taken—
 At our London-by-the-Sea.

J. ASHBY STERRY.

FROM THE HON. HENRY —— TO LADY
 EMMA ——.

Paris, March 30, 1832.

OU bid me explain, my dear angry
 Ma'amselle,
 How I came thus to bolt, without saying
 farewell ;
 And the truth is,—as truth you *will* have, my
 sweet railer,—

There are two worthy persons I always feel loth
To take leave of at starting,—my mistress and
tailor,—

As somehow one always has *scenes* with them
both :

The Snip in ill-humour, the Siren in tears,

She calling on Heaven, and he on th' attorney,—
Till sometimes, in short, 'twixt his duns and his
dears,

A young gentleman risks being stopp'd in his
journey.

But to come to the point,—tho' you think, I daresay,
That 'tis debt or the cholera drives me away,
'Pon honour you're wrong;—such a mere bagatelle

As a pestilence, nobody, now-a-days, fears:
And the fact is, my love, I'm thus bolting, pell-
mell,

To get out of the way of these horrid new Peers;
This deluge of coronets, frightful to think of,
Which England is now, for her sins, on the brink of,
This coinage of *nobles*,—coin'd, all of them, badly,
And sure to bring Counts to a discount most sadly.

Only think, to have Lords overrunning the nation,
As plenty as frogs in a Dutch inundation;
No shelter from Barons, from Earls no protection,
And tadpole young Lords, too, in every direction,—
Things created in haste, just to make a Court list of,
Two legs and a coronet all they consist of!

The prospect's quite frightful, and what Sir George
Rose

(My particular friend) says is perfectly true,
That so dire the alternative, nobody knows,
'Twixt the Peers and the Pestilence, what he's
to do;

And Sir George even doubts,—could he choose
his disorder,—
'Twixt coffin and coronet, *which* he would order.

This being the case, why, I thought, my dear
Emma,
'Twere best to fight shy of so curst a dilemma;
And tho' I confess myself somewhat a villain
To 've left *idol mio* without an *addio*,
Console your sweet heart, and, a week hence, from
Milan
I'll send you—some news of Bellini's last trio.

N.B. Have just pack'd up my travelling set-out,
Things a tourist in Italy *can't* go without—
Viz., a pair of *gants gras*, from old Houbigant's
shop,
Good for hands that the air of Mont Cenis might
chap.
Small presents for ladies,—and nothing so wheedles
The creatures abroad as your golden-eyed needles.
A neat pocket Horace, by which folks are cozen'd,
To think one knows Latin, when—one, perhaps,
doesn't.

With some little book about heathen mythology,
Nothing on earth being half such a bore as
Not knowing the difference 'twixt Virgins and
Floras,
Once more, love, farewell, best regards to the girls,
And mind you beware of damp feet and new Earls.

THOMAS MOORE.

AN INVITATION TO ROME.

THE REPLY.

DEAR Exile, I was proud to get
 Your rhyme, I've laid it up in
 cotton ;
 You know that you are all to "Pet,"—
 She fear'd that she was quite forgotten !
 Mamma, who scolds me when I mope,
 Insists, and she is wise as gentle,
 That I am still in love ! I hope
 That you feel rather sentimental !

Perhaps you think your *Love forlore*
 Should pine unless her slave be with her ;
 Of course you're fond of Rome, and more—
 Of course you'd like to coax me thither !
Che ! quit this dear delightful maze
 Of calls and balls, to be intensely
 Discomfited in fifty ways—
 I like your confidence, immensely !

Some girls who love to ride and race,
 And live for dancing, like the Bruens,
 Confess that Rome's a charming place—
 In spite of all the stupid ruins !
 I think it might be sweet to pitch
 One's tent beside those banks of Tiber,
 And all that sort of thing, of which
 Dear Hawthorne's "quite" the best describer.

To see stone pines and marble gods
 In garden alleys red with roses ;—
 The Perch where Pio Nono nods ;—
 The Church where Raphael reposes.

Make pleasant *giros*—when we may;
 Jump *stagionate* (where they're easy!)
 And play croquet; the Bruens say
 There's turf behind the Ludovisi!

I'll bring my books, though Mrs. Mee
 Says packing books is such a worry;
 I'll bring my *Golden Treasury*,
 Manzoni, and, of course, a "Murray!"
 Your verses (if you so advise!)
 A Dante—Auntie owns a quarto;
 I'll try and buy a smaller size,
 And read him on the *muro torto*.

But can I go? *La Madre* thinks
 It would be such an undertaking!
 (I wish we could consult a sphinx!)
 The thought alone has left her quaking!
 Papa (we do not mind papa)
 Has got some "notice" of some "motion,"
 And could not stay; but why not,—ah,
 I've not the very slightest notion!

The Browns have come to stay a week—
 They've brought the boys—I haven't thank'd'em;
 For Baby *Grand*, and Baby *Pic*,
 Are playing cricket in my sanctum!
 Your Rover, too, affects my den,
 And when I pat the dear old whelp, it . . .
 It makes me think of *You*, and then . . .
 And then I cry—I cannot help it.

Ah yes, before you left me, ere
 Our separation was impending,
 These eyes had seldom shed a tear,—
 I thought my joy could have no ending!

But cloudlets gather'd soon, and this—
 This was the first that rose to grieve me—
 To know that I possess'd the bliss,—
 For then I knew such bliss might leave me !

My strain is sad, but, oh, believe
 Your words have made my spirit better ;
 And if, perhaps, at times I grieve,
 I'd meant to write a cheery letter ;
 But skies were dull ; Rome sounded hot,
 I fancied I could live without it :
 I thought I'd go, I thought I'd not,
 And then I thought I'd think about it.

The sun now glances o'er the Park,
 If tears are on my cheek, they glitter,
 I think I've kiss'd your rhyme, for hark,
 My "bulley" gives a saucy twitter !
 Your blessed words extinguish doubt,
 A sudden breeze is gaily blowing,—
 And Hark ! The minster bells ring out—
She ought to go. Of course she's going !

FREDERICK LOCKER.

OUTWARD BOUND.



COME, Laura, patience. Time and spring
 Your absent Arthur back shall bring,
 Enriched with many an Indian thing,
 Once more to woo you ;
 Him, neither wind nor wave can check
 Who, cramped beneath the "Simla's" deck,
 Still constant, though with stiffened neck,
 Makes verses to you.

Would it were wave and wind alone !
The terrors of the torrid zone,
The indiscriminate cyclone,
 A man might parry ;
But only faith, or “triple brass,”
Can help the “outward bound” to pass
Safe through that eastward-faring class
 Who sail to marry.

For him fond mothers, stout and fair,
Ascend the tortuous cabin stair
Only to hold around his chair
 Insidious sessions ;
For him the eyes of daughters droop
Across the plate of handed soup,
Suggesting seats upon the poop,
 And soft confessions.

Nor are these all his pains, nor most.
Romancing captains cease to boast—
Loud majors leave their whist—to roast
 The youthful griffin ;
All, all with pleased persistence show
His fate—“remote, unfriended, slow”—
His “melancholy” bungalow,—
 His lonely tiffin.

In vain. Let doubts assail the weak ;
Unmoved and calm as “Adam’s Peak,”
Your “blameless Arthur” hears them speak
 Of woes that wait him ;
Naught can subdue his soul secure ;
“Arthur will come again,” be sure,
Though matron shrewd and maid mature
 Conspire to mate him.

But, Laura, on your side, forbear
 To greet with too impressed an air
 A certain youth with chestnut hair,—
 A youth unstable ;
 Albeit none more skilled can guide
 The frail canoe on Thamis tide,
 Or, trimmer-footed, lighter glide
 Through “ Guards ” or “ Mabel.”

Be warned in time. Without a trace
 Of acquiescence on your face,
 Hear, in the waltz’s breathing-space
 His airy patter ;
 Avoid the confidential nook ;
 If, when you sing, you find his look
 Grow tender, close your music-book,
 And end the matter.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

TWENTY AND THIRTY.

MY heart beat high, for I had heard
 That Ellen Vere had come to
 town—
 My heart beat high—yet how absurd !
 For scarcely twice five years had flown
 Since she and I, as maid and youth,
 Exchanged eternal vows of truth,
 Beneath a hawthorn’s shade ;
 Our witnesses two sleepy cows,
 Two rooks, down-looking from the
 boughs,
 And Ellen’s lady’s-maid.

We loved, or thought we loved ; and love,
To us a passion new and strange,
Shone like a star in heaven above,
Bright, calm, incapable of change.
Our life was one bright dream of joy,
A golden age, without alloy
Of jealousy or doubt ;
Youth we possessed, and strength and
health,
We'd gain, if Fate so willed it, wealth,
And if not—do without !

Ah me, poor fools ! a twelvemonth more
Was 'whelmed in time's unceasing tide,
And Ellen left her native shore
An Indian merchant's blooming bride.
A man he was in council great,
Of aspect grave and mien sedate,
Brown face and little mind ;
Parting with her few tears I shed,
I drank his health, and wished him dead,
And hated all mankind !

A "lapse of years" then intervenes,
And when I see the stage once more,
The characters, the very scenes,
Are grander than they were of yore.
The room is filled with nick-nacks rare,
Rich Indian perfumes load the air,
Huge servants bow around ;
So oriental is the show,
It needs the cab I leave below
To prove it British ground.

For Ellen has returned—she greets
Me with a cold and formal bend,

And once or twice I think repeats
 Her joy to see "her father's friend."
 She looks at me with languid stare,
 She orders "tiffin," asks for air,
 And grieves o'er "punkahs" missed,
 Can this be that same laughing girl,
 With merry eye and tangled curl,
 I 'neath the hawthorn kissed?

The same, indeed! and why should I
 O'er vanished passion vainly grieve;
 Bemoan her greeting chill, or try
 Myself unaltered to believe?
 Though Ellen's glance be cold and strange,
 All unaffected by the change,
 I chatter, smile, and bow;
 For, truth to tell, since Ellen wed,
 My heart so many times has bled,
 As to be callous now!

My horse, my club, my opera-stall,
 A cheerful fire, a pleasant book,
 Are now more potent in their thrall
 Than winning voice or upturned look.
 My wind in waltzing's growing scant,
 In climbing hills I oftener want
 To view the prospect fine;
 Naught care I now for hair or eyes,
 But have great taste in Strasbourg pies,
 And something know of wine.

My purse is full, my wants are few,
 I've gained a certain meed of fame;
 I'm sponsor to a Soyer's stew,
 Poole to a coat has given my name.
 Bewitching houris nod and smile
 As I ride down the "lady's mile,"

Or hang across the rail ;
 I lounge at White's, am great at Pratt's,
 I'm loved by all the tabby-cats,
 Whose daughters are for sale.

Yet sometimes in my opera-stall
 A voice will ring upon my ear,
 A sudden chord will thrill thro' all
 My being, and I feel a tear
 Dimming my eye, a tribute paid
 To those old days when Nell's head laid
 And nestled on my breast.
 What lies there now ? a load of care,
 The cambric-fronted shirt I wear,
 And black embroidered vest.

But I would give, ay, I would give,
 Were I permitted to bestow,
 Half of the years I've yet to live,
 To feel as I felt long ago !
 To feel as fresh in heart and brain,
 As free from all earth's earthy pain,
 As when, beneath the trees,
 I wound my arm round that young girl,
 While all her mass of golden curl
 Was tossing in the breeze !

EDMUND YATES.

MY OLD COAT.

 HIS old velvet coat has grown queer, I
 admit,
 And changed is the colour and loose
 is the fit ;
 Though to beauty it certainly cannot aspire,
 'Tis a cosy old coat for a seat by the fire.

When I first put it on it was awfully swell :
 I went to a picnic, met Lucy Lepel,
 Made a hole in the heart of that sweet little girl,
 And disjointed the nose of her lover, the Earl.

We rambled away o'er the moorland together,
 My coat was bright purple, and so was the heather;
 And so was the sunset that blazed in the west,
 As Lucy's fair tresses were laid on my breast.

We plighted our troth 'neath that sunset aflame,
 But Lucy returned to her Earl all the same ;
 She's a grandmamma now, and is going down hill,
 But my old velvet coat is a friend to me still.

It was built by a tailor of mighty renown,
 Whose art is no longer the talk of the town,
 A magical picture my memory weaves
 When I thrust my tired arms through its easy old
 sleeves.

I see in my fire, through the smoke of my pipe,
 Sweet maidens of old that are long over-ripe,
 And a troop of old cronies, right gay cavaliers,
 Whose guineas paid well for champagne at Watier's.

A strong generation, who drank, fought, and kissed,
 Whose hands never trembled, whose shots never
 missed,
 Who lived a quick life, for their pulses beat high,
 We remember them well, sir, my old coat and I.

Ah ! gone is the age of wild doings at court,
 Rotten boroughs, knee-breeches, hair triggers and
 port ;
 Still I've got a magnum to moisten my throat,
 And I'll drink to the Past in my tattered old coat.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

“LE DERNIER JOUR D’UN CONDAMNÉ.”



LD coat, for some three or four seasons
 We've been jolly comrades, but now
 We part, old companion, for ever ;
 To fate, and the fashion I bow.

You'd look well enough at a dinner,
 I'd wear you with pride at a ball,
 But I'm dressing to-night for a wedding—
 My own, and you'd not do at all.

You've too many wine-stains about you,
 You're scented too much with cigars,
 When the gas-light shines full on your collar,
 It glitters with myriad stars,
 That wouldn't look well at my wedding,
 They'd seem inappropriate there—
 Nell doesn't use diamond powder,
 She tells me it ruins the hair.

You've been out on Cozzen's piazza
 Too late, when the evenings were damp,
 When the moonbeams were silvering Cro'nest,
 And the lights were all out in the camp.
 You've rested on highly-oiled stairways
 Too often, when sweet eyes were bright,
 And somebody's ball dress, not Nelly's,
 Flowed round you in rivers of white.

There's a reprobate looseness about you,
 Should I wear you to-night, I believe,
 As I come with my bride from the altar,
 You'd laugh in your wicked old sleeve,

When you felt there the tremulous pressure
 Of her hand in its delicate glove,
 That is telling me, shyly but proudly,
 Her trust is as deep as her love.

So go to your grave in the wardrobe,
 And furnish a feast for the moth,
 Nell's glove shall betray its sweet secrets
 To younger, more innocent cloth.
 'Tis time to put on your successor,
 It's made in a fashion that's new,
 Old coat, I'm afraid it will never
 Set as easily on me as you.

GEORGE BAKER, JUN.

SPECTATOR AB EXTRA.

S I sat at the Café I said to myself,
 They may talk as they please about
 what they call pelf,
 They may sneer as they like about
 eating and drinking,
 But help it I cannot, I cannot help thinking
 How pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho !
 How pleasant it is to have money.

I sit at my table *en grand seigneur*,
 And when I have done, throw a crust to the poor,
 Not only the pleasure itself of good living,
 But also the pleasure of now and then giving :
 So pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho !
 So pleasant it is to have money.

They may talk as they please about what they
 call pelf,
 And how one ought never to think of one's self,

How pleasures of thought surpass eating and drinking,

My pleasure of thought is the pleasure of thinking

How pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho !

How pleasant it is to have money.

LE DINER.

Come along, 'tis the time, ten or more minutes past,

And he who came first had to wait for the last,

The oysters ere this had been in and been out ;

While I have been sitting and thinking about

How pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho !

How pleasant it is to have money.

A clear soup with eggs ; *voilà tout* ; of the fish

The *filets de sole* are a moderate dish

A la Orly, but you're for red mullet, you say :

By the gods of good fare, who can question to-day

How pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho !

How pleasant it is to have money.

After oysters, Sauterne ; then Sherry ; Champagne,

Ere one bottle goes, comes another again ;

Fly up, thou bold cork, to the ceiling above,

And tell to our ears in the sounds that we love

How pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho !

How pleasant it is to have money.

I've the simplest of tastes ; absurd it may be,

But I almost could dine on a *poulet-au-riz*,

Fish and soup and omelette, and that—but the deuce—

There were to be woodcocks, and not *Charlotte Russe* !

So pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho !

So pleasant it is to have money.

Your Chablis is acid, away with the Hock,
 Give me the pure juice of the purple Médoc ;
 St. Peray is exquisite ; but, if you please,
 Some Burgundy first before tasting the cheese.

So pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho !
 So pleasant it is to have money.

As for that, pass the bottle, and hang the expense—
 I've seen it observed by a writer of sense,
 That the labouring classes could scarce live a day
 If people like us didn't eat, drink, and pay.

So useful it is to have money, heigh-ho !
 So useful it is to have money.

One ought to be grateful, I quite apprehend,
 Having dinner and supper and plenty to spend,
 And so suppose now, while the things go away,
 By way of a grace we all stand up and say

How pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho !
 How pleasant it is to have money.

PARVENANT.

I cannot but ask in the park and the streets,
 When I look at the number of persons one meets,
 Whate'er in the world the poor devils can do
 Whose fathers and mothers can't give them a
sou.

So needful it is to have money, heigh-ho !
 So needful it is to have money.

I ride and I drive, and I care not a d—n,
 The people look up and they ask who I am ;
 And if I should chance to run over a cad,
 I can pay for the damage, if ever so bad.

So useful it is to have money, heigh-ho !
 So useful it is to have money.

It was but this winter I came up to town,
And already I'm gaining a sort of renown,
Find my way to good houses without much ado,
Am beginning to see the nobility too.

So useful it is to have money, heigh-ho !
So useful it is to have money.

O dear ! what a pity they ever should lose it,
Since they are the people who know how to use it,
So easy, so stately, such manners, such dinners ;
And yet, after all, it is we are the winners.

So needful it is to have money, heigh-ho !
So needful it is to have money.

It is all very well to be handsome and tall,
Which certainly makes you look well at a ball,
It's all very well to be clever and witty,
But if you are poor, why it's only a pity.

So needful it is to have money, heigh-ho !
So needful it is to have money.

There's something, undoubtedly, in a fine air,
To know how to smile and be able to stare,
High breeding is something, but well bred or not,
In the end the one question is, what have you got ?

So needful it is to have money, heigh-ho !
So needful it is to have money.

And the angels in pink and the angels in blue,
In muslins and *moirés* so lovely and new,
What is it they want, and so wish you to guess,
But if you have money, the answer is yes.

So needful, they tell you, is money, heigh-ho !
So needful it is to have money.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

CHIVALRY AT A DISCOUNT.

EAIR cousin mine ! the golden days
 Of old romance are over,
 And minstrels now care nought for bays,
 Nor damsels for a lover ;
 And hearts are cold, and lips are mute
 That kindled once with passion,
 And now we've neither lance nor lute,
 And tilting's out of fashion.

Yet weeping Beauty mourns the time
 When Love found words in flowers ;
 When softest sighs were breathed in rhyme,
 And sweetest songs in bowers ;
 Now wedlock is a sober thing—
 No more of chains or forges !—
 A plain young man—a plain gold ring—
 The curate—and St. George's.

Then every cross-bow had a string,
 And every heart a fetter ;
 And making love was quite the thing,
 And making verses better ;
 And maiden aunts were never seen,
 And gallant *beaux* were plenty ;
 And lasses married at sixteen,
 And died at one-and-twenty.

Then hawking was a noble sport,
 And chess a pretty science ;
 And huntsmen learnt to blow a *morte*,
 And heralds a defiance.

And knights and spearmen show'd their might,
And timid hinds took warning ;
And hypocras was warm'd at night
And coursers in the morning.

Then plumes and pennons were prepared,
And patron-saints were lauded,
And noble deeds were bravely dared,
And noble dames applauded ;
And Beauty play'd the leech's part,
And wounds were heal'd with syrup ;
And warriors sometimes lost a heart,
But never lost a stirrup.

Then there was no such thing as Fear,
And no such word as Reason ;
And Faith was like a pointed spear,
And Fickleness was treason ;
And hearts were soft, though blows were hard ;
But when the fight was over,
A brimming goblet cheer'd the board,
His Lady's smile the lover.

Ah, these were glorious days ! The moon
Had then her true adorers ;
And there were lyres and lutes in tune,
And no such thing as snorers.
And lovers swam, and held at nought
Streams broader than the Mersey ;
And fifty thousand would have fought
For a smile from Lady Jersey.

Then people wore an iron vest,
And had no use for tailors ;
And the artisans who lived the best
Were armourers and nailers ;

And steel was measured by the ell,
 And trousers lined with leather ;
 And jesters wore a cap and bell,
 And knights a cap and feather.

Then single folks might live at ease,
 And married ones might sever ;
 Uncommon doctors had their fees,
 But Doctors' Commons never ;
 Oh ! had we in those times been bred,
 Fair cousin, for thy glances,
 Instead of breaking Priscian's head,
 I had been breaking lances !

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

“IN THE DAYS OF MY GREAT
 GRANDMAMMA.”

N the days of my great grandmamma,
 I've been told,
 There were persons of fashion and
 taste,
 Who, in dresses as stout as chain armour of old,
 The parties of Ranelagh graced :
 How high were their heads, and how high were
 their heels,
 And how high were their notions and ways !
 They moved in propriety's round like the wheels
 Of a warranted watch, in the days
 Of my great Grandmamma !

Fashion then was so dull, you could scarcely
 discern
 The minute ebb and flow of her tides ;

And a Dowager's dress, though unturn'd, served
in turn

Three or four generations of brides.
Like the family jewels, the family gown
Was reserv'd for their Gala displays,
And a ruffled old lady look'd placidly down
Upon ruffled young girls, in the days
Of my great Grandmamma.

Oh! the men who for these female paragons sigh'd

Were unlike those who pester us now;
They approach'd with a smile, and a sink, and a
slide,

And a minuet step and a bow.

They were laced, and embroider'd, and powder'd,
and curl'd,

Like the men that we see in the Plays;
And 'tis certain there's nothing so grand in the
world,

Or so sweet as there was in the days
Of my great Grandmamma.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

“LORD HARRY HAS WRITTEN A NOVEL.”

ORD Harry has written a novel,
A story of elegant life;
No stuff about love in a hovel,
No sketch of a commoner's wife:
No trash, such as pathos and passion,
Fine feelings, expression, and wit;
But all about people of fashion,
Come look at his caps—how they fit!

O, Radcliffe ! thou once wert the charmer
 Of girls who sat reading all night ;
 Thy heroes were striplings in armour,
 Thy heroines damsels in white.
 But past are thy terrible touches,
 Our lips in derision we curl,
 Unless we are told how a Duchess
 Conversed with her cousin the Earl.

We now have each dialogue quite full
 Of titles—"I give you my word,
 My lady, you're looking delightful"—
 "O dear, do you think so, my lord!"
 "You've heard of the Marquis's marriage,
 The bride with her jewels new set,
 Four horses, new travelling carriage,
 And *déjeûner à la fourchette.*"

Haut Ton finds her privacy broken,
 We trace all her ins and her outs ;
 The very small talk that is spoken
 By very great people at routs.
 At Tenby, Miss Jinks asks the loan of
 The book from the innkeeper's wife,
 And reads till she dreams she is one of
 The leaders of elegant life.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

TO ETHEL,

WHO WISHES SHE HAD LIVED

“ In tea-cup times of hood and hoop,
Or while the patch was worn.”

 *N* tea-cup times ! ” The style of dress
Would suit your beauty, I confess ;
Belinda-like, the patch you'd wear ;
I picture you with powdered hair—
You'd make a charming Shepherdess !

And I—no doubt—could well express
Sir Plume's complete conceitedness,—
Could poise a clouded cane with care
“ In tea-cup times ! ”

The parts would fit precisely—yes :
We should achieve a huge success ;
You should disdain, and I despair,
With quite the true Augustan air ;
But . . . could I love you more, or less,
“ In tea-cup times ? ”

AUSTIN DOBSON.

NOW-A-DAYS.

 *P*ERHAPS you'll call me an old fool,
One not of the Modern School,
With a craze,
When I say the Universe
Seems to go from bad to worse
Now-a-days.

Married men once loved their wives,
Loved them dearly as their lives,
To their praise.

But the numberless divorces
Prove they take to other courses
Now-a-days.

Married women used to be
Models of propriety
In their ways.

But they cut their dresses low,
Willing all they dare to show,
Now-a-days.

Women then did not admit
Double entendre in their wit ;
Now it pays.

Conversation is not gay
If it be not *bazardée*,
Now-a-days.

Young men used to love a dance,
Never letting slip a chance :
Curious phase !

If they deign to grace a ball,
'Tis not *chic* to dance at all
Now-a-days.

Men went in for early marriage :
Wives could do without a carriage.
Rumour says

On their backs girls fortunes carry ;
So the men decline to marry
Now-a-days

Maidens then were innocent,
Blushing at a compliment,
Or a gaze.

But a blush a vanish'd grace is,
For young ladies paint their faces
Now-a-days.

Black their eyelids, till they stare ;
Wash with soda, till their hair
Looks like maize.

'Tis the fashion to be blonde,
A la mode du demi-monde
Now-a-days.

Wealth had not a golden key
To unlock society.
Money sways
High and low; and cotton-spinners
Welcome nobles to their dinners
Now-a-days.

Rank so friendly now with trade is,
Bill discounters, titled ladies
Stoop to raise.
Manners used to make the man,
It is only money can
Now-a-days.

Have I not now proved my case
That the world grows worse apace ?
Who gainsays ?
If you doubt me, perhaps you are
Innocent—most singular
Now-a-days.

J. JEMMETT-BROWNE.





NOTES.

PAGES 1-2. THE OWLS' SONG. From "The Ladies in Parliament," where it forms part of a "Chorus of Owls." Two verses, one at the beginning and one at the end, are omitted by permission of the author. "An anecdote worthy of Hayward :" see "Essays, Biographical and Critical," by A. Hayward, Q.C.

2-5. THE CONTRAST. From "Lyra Urbanica." Morris's fame seems likely to rest upon this lyric. None of his other compositions can at all compare with it.

5-7. EPISTLE TO MISS BLOUNT. The Miss Blount here referred to is Teresa, and not Martha. The coronation is that of George I. The whole epistle is referred to by M. Taine as exemplifying "the realistic element which, according to his theory, was no more absent from Pope than from any of the contemporary English poets." "Zephalinda :" the assumed name of Teresa Blount, under which she corresponded for many years with James Moore Smythe. "Whisk :" at that time the vulgar pronunciation of the word "whist." "And loves you best of all things—but his horse :" this reminds us of a line in Mr. Tennyson's "Locksley Hall,"—

"Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse."

"Parthenia :" a contraction of Parthenissa, the *nom-de-plume* assumed by Martha Blount in the correspondence with Moore Smythe.

7-8. ON A YOUNG LADY'S GOING TO TOWN. "Augusta :" London.

9-10. DAMON AND CUPID. "Bellendens or Lepels :" famous beauties of the time of George II. Miss Lepel was afterwards Lady Hervey. See page 15.

11-13. SOLILOQUY OF A BEAUTY. "At each distinguished birth-night ball :" See pp. 96-100.

13-14. PICCADILLY. This poem, like all the others by Mr. Locker in this volume, is taken from "London Lyrics" (latest edition, 1876.) "Old Q.:" the Marquis of Queensberry,—a well-known man of fashion in the eighteenth century.

14-16. ST. JAMES'S STREET. "Saccharissa sigh'd :" Saccharissa was the name under which the poet Waller celebrated his lady-love, Lady Dorothea Sidney. "Alvanley was witty :" for many of Alvanley's *bon mots*, see Moore's "Diary" and Gronow's "Recollections." "Young Churchill :" Charles Churchill, the satirist. "White's" and "Crock's :" two noted gaming clubs. "Miss Gunning :" one of the celebrated sisters of whom Sir C. H. Williams wrote that—

"Nature, indeed, denied them sense,
But gave them legs and impudence
That beat all understanding."

"Charlie Fox :" the statesman. "Selwyn's ghastly funning :" George Selwyn, the wit and man about town, had a morbid love of horrors; one of his favourite amusements was attendance at an execution. "Rolliad Squibs :" the "Rolliad," a series of political satires, appeared in 1784. "Gilray's fiercer sketches :" Gilray's caricatures were at one time quite the rage. "Lepel flits past me :" an allusion to the celebrated beauty (see page 9). "Congreve's airs astound me :" Congreve the poet and dramatist affected to be prouder of his social connections than of his literary works, and excited on this account the disgust of Voltaire. "Boodle's :" a once famous club.

17-18. To Q. H. F. From "Vignettes in Rhyme." This poem abounds in Horatian allusions, for which the reader must consult the *Odes passim*.

20-22. ROTTEN ROW. This, like all the other pieces by Mr. Leigh in this volume, is from "Carols of Cockayne."

22-24. ZOOLOGICAL MEMORIES. Like all the other pieces by Mr. Ashby Sterry in this volume, this poem is from "Boudoir Ballads."

27-28. VALENTINE. "Thy great kinsman :" Pitt.

28-29. TO A CERTAIN LADY AT COURT. The "certain lady" was Mrs. Howard, afterwards Countess of Suffolk, and mistress of George II. See Lord Peterborough's "Song by a Person of Quality," addressed to the same lady.

30-31. WRITTEN AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS. "As

ancient fame of Ida sings : " the allusion is to the choice which Paris had to make between the three goddesses at Mount Ida. *Vide* Mr. Tennyson's "C^lEnone" (" O mother Ida, hearken ere I die ! "). Miss Temple is here likened to Venus.

31-32. ON THE DUCHESS OF RICHMOND. " At Pulteney's she came : " Pulteney, Earl of Bath—the minister assailed by Sir C. H. Williams in many a pungent diatribe.

32-33. TO MRS. CREWE. A lady of fashion of Fox's time.

35-36. ADVICE TO A LADY IN AUTUMN. Note the fanciful description of the evening dew—

" Those tears of the sky for the loss of the sun."

41-42. " PHYLLIDA THAT LOVED TO DREAM." " Ombre : " a fashionable game of the period.

42-43. ON A WOMAN OF FASHION. " Sure never were seen two such sweet little ponies : " this and the next three lines are quoted as his own by Sir Benjamin Backbite in the " School for Scandal."

44-45. THE JILT. From " Horace in London ; " founded on Ode i. 5, " Quis multa gracilis," etc.

45-47. DIXIT, ET IN MENSAM. From " Wit and Humour," a selection from Shirley Brooks's contributions to " Punch."

47. AN EPITAPH. This owes its origin to the vivacious request of a young lady, who, playfully warned at a ball that if she went home before being thoroughly warmed by a dance she would infallibly die, begged that somebody would write her epitaph. This Mr. Cayley did, and the young lady who inspired him afterwards married an Earl, and became a woman of fashion, with vivacious daughters of her own.

47-49. MADAME LA MARQUISE. From Robert, Lord Lytton's collected Poems.

49-52. AVICE. From " Vignettes in Rhyme " (1873).

52-56. BEAUTY CLARE. From " The Romance of the Scarlet Leaf, and other Poems " (1865).

56-57. A MUSICAL BOX. From " Graffiti d'Italia " (1869).

57-59. EPISTLE FROM LORD BORINGDON. Lords Granville and Boringdon (afterwards Earl of Morley) were old friends of Canning's. " Blenheim's hospitable lord : " the Duke of Marlborough. " The fair Eliza : " his daughter Elizabeth. " Spencer's sister : " Lady Elizabeth was sister

to Lord Henry Spencer. "Gain'd a mister :" she married Mr. Spencer, son of Lord Charles Spencer.

59-60. LITTLE LAURETTE. From "The Inn of Strange Meetings, and other Poems" (1871). "A Legend of the Divorce Court" is from the same source.

68-70. MAMMA. From "Time" for 1879.

73-74. THE FEMALE PHAETON. "Kitty :" Lady Catharine Hyde, afterwards Duchess of Queensberry. "Lady Jenny :" Lady Jane Hyde, afterwards Countess of Essex.

78-80. REJECTED ADDRESSES. From "Puck on Pegasus" (1879). See also "Croquet (p. 141)," from the same source.

80-82. THE TALENTED MAN. "Trevelyan :" a novel by Lady Dacre, published in 1833.

82-84. THE DASHING YOUNG FELLOW. From Professor Rankine's only volume of songs and lyrics, from which this and the following piece are reprinted by the kind consent of his executrix.

96-100. ELEGY ON THE BIRTH-NIGHT BALL. "Vestris," "Lepicq," "Gondel" (Gardel) : famous dancers. "Words that never shall be sung :" the favourite country dance "Go to the devil and shake yourself." "Good King Bladud's healing waters :" Bath. "The long Minuet :" a once celebrated caricature by Bunbury. "Augusta :" see note to "On a Young Lady's going to Town." "Cecil :" Lord Salisbury, then Lord Chamberlain.

100-104. THE BELLE OF THE BALL-ROOM. "Little :" an early *nom-de-plume* of Thomas Moore.

104-107. MY PARTNER. "Frankenstein :" a weird tale by Mrs. Shelley. "De Vere :" a fashionable novel by R. Plumer Ward, published in 1827. "Endymion :" Keats's poem.

110-114. THE FANCY BALL. "Corinne :" Madame de Staël's famous heroine. "Sir Lucius :" O'Trigger, in the "Rivals." "Sad Calista :" the heroine of Rowe's "Fair Penitent."

117-119. TU QUOQUE. From "Vignettes in Rhyme." The next poem is from the same source.

120-121. A. B. C. From "Verses and Translations" (2nd edit., 1862).

129-130. AT THE OPERA. From "Ten Miles from Town" (1867).

131-132. THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE. From

“The Realm,” which was edited by the late Mr. Cayley.

133-135. MY SHILLING PHOTOGRAPH. From “The World.”

135-137. PRIVATE THEATRICALS. “The O’Neill ;” Miss O’Neill, an actress of great celebrity in her day. “Ranger :” the name of a character in two eighteenth-century comedies.

137-140. CLUBS. “Neither Moore nor Savory :” the well-known firm of chemists. “Boodle’s :” see pages 16 and 173.

140-141. AT HURLINGHAM. “Alfred sings it :” the Laureate.

147-150. IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY. Originally published in “Belgravia.”

162-164. CHINA VERSUS CHIPPENDALE. From “Songs of many Seasons” (1877). See also “Now-a-days” (page 218).

165-168. A BLENHEIM’S VALENTINE. In sub-title “Whateley” should be “Whately.” On page 166, at line 10 from top, for “every dog its morrow” read “every day,” etc.

168-171. ODE. “The moral teacher :” Sydney Smith, at that time lecturing on Moral Philosophy in the Royal Institution. “Thy awful form, Sublimity :” the particular lecture referred to in the “Ode” was on “The Sublime.” “The Phrygian monarch :” Tantalus. “Payne :” a fashionable milliner. The ode is in imitation of the style of Gray.

175-177. THE LAST DESPATCH. From “Proverbs in Porcelain” (1877).

179-180. WINTER. From “Horace in London,” founded on Ode i. 9, “Vides, ut altâ stet nive candidum,” etc.

181. IF! From “The Owl.” A verse is omitted, by permission of the writer.

182-183. “THERE STANDS A CITY.” From “Verses and Translations.” In line 8, for “Laura” read “Lauru.”

187-188. AT A COUNTRY HOUSE. From “The Sporting Times.” Mr. Rhys has contributed to “Sketch” and other periodicals.

192-193. BRIGHTON. From “Horace in London.” Suggested by Horace, Ode i. 4, “Solvitur acris hyems,” etc.

194-195. WINTER IN BRIGHTON. From "The Inn of Strange Meetings, and other Poems," and founded, like James Smith's "Winter," on Horace's Ode i. 9. It was written in 1861, when Messrs. Fawcett and White were members for Brighton. "Lemon :" Mark Lemon, late editor of "Punch." "Mutton's," "Bacon's," and "Mainwaring's :" all well-known establishments. See the following piece.

197-199. FROM THE HON. HENRY —. "Sir George Rose :" the celebrated lawyer and wit, some of whose rhythmical *jeux d'esprit* are familiarly known.

202-204. OUTWARD BOUND. From "Vignettes in Rhyme." Suggested by Horace, Ode iii. 7 : "Quid fles, Asterie," etc.

207-208. MY OLD COAT. From "The Inn of Strange Meetings."

209-210. LE DERNIER JOUR D'UN CONDAMNÉ. Mr. Baker, Jun., is an American writer, and the lines are from his volume entitled "Point-Lace and Diamonds."

210-213. SPECTATOR AB EXTRA. This is the original version of the poem. As it appears in the later editions of "Dipsychus," it is somewhat shorter.

217-218. "LORD HARRY HAS WRITTEN A NOVEL." "O Radcliffe :" Mrs. Radcliffe, author of "The Mysteries of Udolpho," etc.

219. TO ETHEL. From "Blackwood's Magazine." The motto is from Tennyson. "Belinda" and "Sir Plume :" see Pope's "Rape of the Lock."





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